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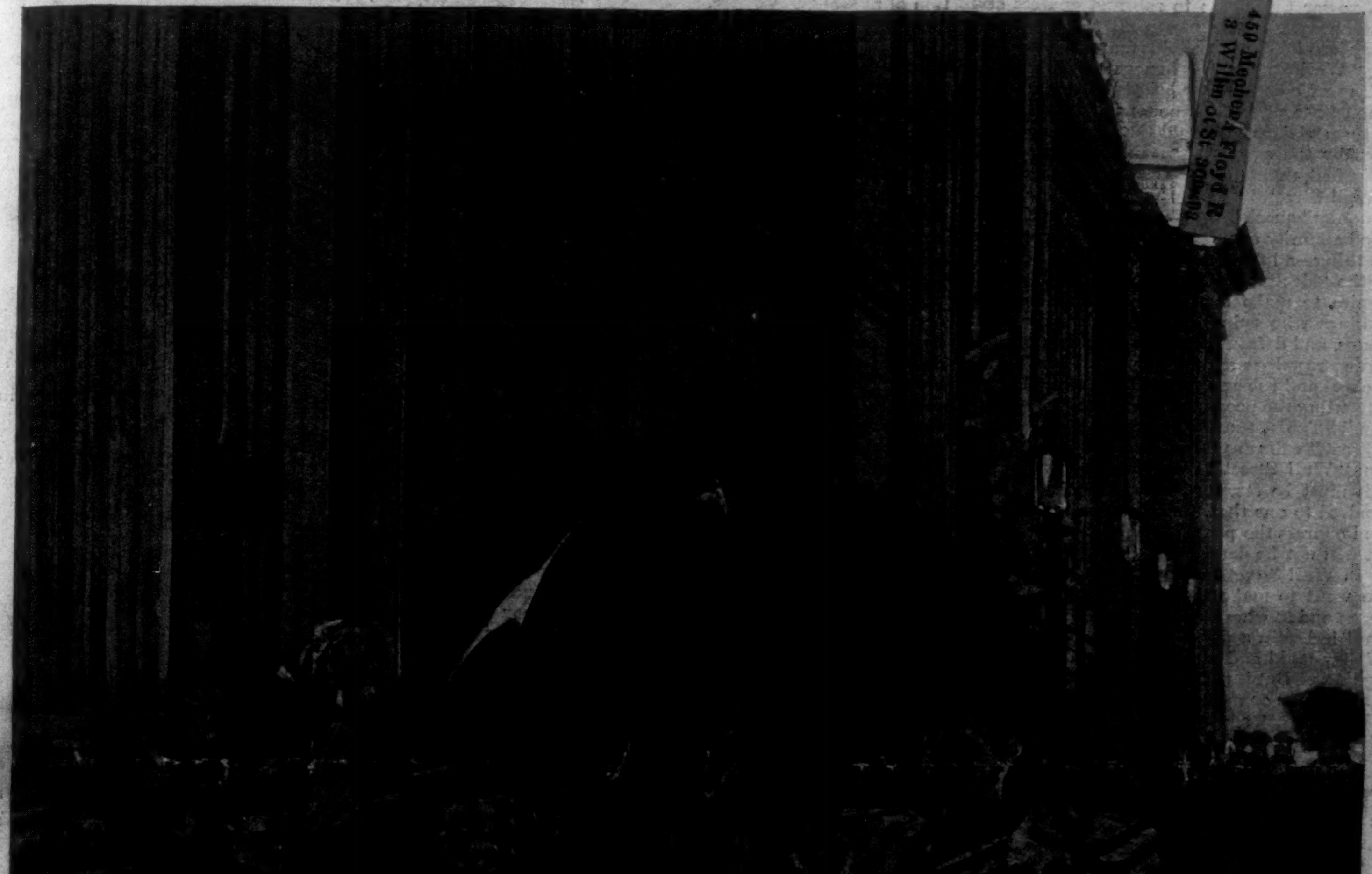

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—A HOT DAY AT THE FAIR.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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WALL STREET.

THE apostles of "free silver" and "cheap money" have long been endeavoring to make people in the West and in the South believe that there is at the bottom of the movement against free coinage and for the repeal of the silver-purchase law a dark, mysterious, crafty, wicked, rapacious, and tyrannical power—a power that seeks to rob and oppress and enslave the people, and to sweep all the wealth of the country into its own insatiable maw. This power they call "Wall Street." Whenever business men or chambers of commerce or boards of trade in the East remonstrate against a monetary policy which seems to them vicious, it is said that they have been subjugated by the ogre, and speak according to its behests; in fact, that they have become part and parcel of "Wall Street." To the Western or Southern "cheap-money" quack and his disciples the Eastern business community and "Wall Street" are one and the same thing—a lot of greedy capitalists who want to grind the "debtor class" to powder, and to that end conspire to make money scarce and dear; of railroad kings who ruin the farmers by exorbitant freight rates, and defraud their stockholders of their dues; of unscrupulous speculators of all kinds, ever ready to cheat and rob everybody, but especially bent upon preventing the poor man from getting "plenty of money." The natural conclusion is that when "Wall Street" calls anything good it must be bad, and when "Wall Street" recommends anything to be done it must be sternly resisted, for the chances are a hundred to one that there is a devilish scheme to rob and oppress the people behind it.

Now it will not be denied that in the East in general and in Wall Street in particular there are persons who want to make money, and care little by what means and at whose cost they make it—persons who would indeed not scruple to corner the money market if they could, and to squeeze every dollar out of their neighbors. But it would be just as reasonable to judge the business community of the East, and even the real Wall Street, according to them as it would be to call the people of the West a people of land-swindlers, train-robbers, and drunken cowboys, because there are among them some lying real-estate speculators, some highwaymen, and some cowboys who delight in drunken sprees; or to call the Southern people a people composed of negroes, bullies, and tippling "colonels," because there are among them a good many colored folk, as well as some men given to flourishing revolvers, and some "colonels" fond of whiskey and big talk. The sober truth is that there are good men and bad men everywhere in this as in other countries, that the Eastern business community does not differ at all from the business community of the West or the South in wishing to be prosperous itself and to see other people prosperous, and that it understands very clearly the prosperity of the rest of the country to be the condition *sine qua non* of its own. If there is any real difference between them, it is that the Eastern business community is older, and has accumulated more capital. But much of that capital is engaged in Western and Southern enterprises, or in mercantile or manufacturing concerns that have the West and the South for their customers. Eastern men are not so brainless as not to know that if the Western and the Southern people are in a prosperous condition they will be good customers, for then they can buy things and pay for them, and get up new developments in which Eastern capital finds profitable employment. They know equally well that when the West and the South are not prosperous they will be bad customers, who cannot buy things or pay for what they have bought, and that the Eastern capital engaged in the West or South will then yield no profit, or be even lost. Eastern business men therefore naturally wish the West and the South to be prosperous; they know that in promoting that prosperity they build up their custom and most effectually serve their own interests.

When speaking of Wall Street in the narrower sense people mean the Stock Exchange, where the securities of railroads and of industrial enterprises and similar things are bought and sold. There are a few speculators operating there who seek to profit by the depreciation of values, and use various, sometimes unscrupulous, means to bring about such depreciation. They, however, usually succeed only when the general condition of business in the country is such as to favor gambling for a fall. They do not produce declining tendencies, they only take advantage of them. But the overwhelming majority of those doing business at the Stock Exchange are always trading upon a hope for a rise in values. They wish to have times flush and flourishing, to have plenty of money in circulation, and to see people inspired with hope for the future. All the efforts they are able to make are made to that end, for they find it in their interest to do so. When the country at large is prosperous and hopeful, they are prosperous and hopeful too; not otherwise. We have a distinct measure of what the members of the Stock Exchange consider good times for themselves. Some time ago when business was thriving all over the country, North and South and East and West, a seat in the Stock Exchange was held to be worth as much as $35,000. In these times of depression a seat there may be bought for $17,000 and even less. It is evident, therefore, that they consider bad business throughout the country to be bad business for themselves, and their natural wish is that all means be employed to bring on an improvement of the condition of affairs everywhere.

In the larger sense "Wall Street" means, in addition to the Stock Exchange, that aggregation of large financial institutions—banks of deposit, trust companies, private banking houses, brokers' firms, etc.—which facilitates the transfer of funds from lender to borrower, from debtor to creditor, from one part of the country to the other, and between this and foreign countries, and which manage the organization of capital in aid of large enterprises. The success of these financial institutions, too, depends in the aggregate entirely upon the general prosperity of the country. They are not doing their business with their own money, but with the money of their depositors or customers. While they are large creditors, they are at the same time large debtors, and in hard times exposed to all the embarrassments and dangers which fall to the debtor's lot. So they are now. No Western farmer with a mortgage to pay can sigh more earnestly for "more money" than do these same Wall Street bankers. At this very moment they are straining every nerve to gather money for the South and West to "move the crops." If they cannot find that money, no mistake would be greater than to lay the fault to "Wall Street." It is not the large financiers, but the smaller class of business men that are hoarding and withholding their money, scared as they are by the financial breakdown owing to the silver trouble. The "Wall Street" financiers would most gladly furnish the funds if they had them, for the stopping of the wheels of business in the West and South means to them disaster, if not absolute shipwreck, for it involves not only the cessation of a large part of their profits, but a possibly ruinous shrinking of the values they hold.

Nobody will pretend that the Wall Street financiers are sentimental philanthropists eager to sacrifice themselves for the benefit of their neighbors. They are shrewd business men keenly alive to their own interests. But that these shrewd business men, knowing as they do that their fortunes are indissolubly bound up with the general prosperity of the country, should at the same time be such consummate idiots as to form a plot for the introduction of a monetary policy which would undermine the prosperity of the larger part of the country, a policy that would ruin their customers, and thus kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, is too superlatively preposterous to find belief among sensible people. The Wall Street financiers are as much interested in having *plenty of money* in circulation as the rest of the country. And the rest of the country is as much interested in having *good money* in circulation as are the Wall Street financiers. This "Wall Street" bugaboo, set up by the free-silver-coinage agitators, is an especially silly contrivance, fit only to frighten little children and persons whose reasoning powers are at a lamentably low ebb.

PUBLIC OPINION AND SILVER.

ALL important questions are settled by Congress in accordance with what Congressmen believe to be the wishes of their constituents. The silver question is one of these. The movement for free coinage owes its strength and importance to an assumed popular demand for bimetallism as the solution of the money problem. There was a general demand in the remoter regions of the country for "more money." In some quarters this meant easier borrowing terms, and in others an opportunity to borrow on any terms. The discontent, the origin and cause of which need not now be discussed, was seized upon by the owners of silver mines, whose product was growing cheaper and cheaper every day. The agents of the miners and the miners themselves were in Congress, standing on an even footing with Senators and Representatives from populous States. They convinced their colleagues whose constituents were complaining of a dearth of currency that free coinage of silver would soften the hard conditions of the debtor and the needy. This, mixed with a little false patriotism about the "fathers" and a little poor constitutional law, was the food on which the free-coinage movement was nursed. It was assumed that there was a popular demand for national bimetallism, although not until now have the people had an opportunity to express their sentiments; nor have they sought an opportunity, because they have not comprehended the question.

There is no doubt about their opinions to-day, however. From one end of the country to the other they have made themselves heard, and Senators and Representatives are hastening to obey the commands which have been put upon them, without caring that obedience involves an appearance of inconsistency. The people have finally learned something about the silver question, and they have learned it in the hardest of hard schools—experience and adversity. They have learned what follows distrust in a country's currency and in a country's honesty. They know what comes from a suspicion that loans of gold will be repaid in a baser metal. The banks in which their money is kept have been closing up. They are obliged to pay a premium for currency with which to meet their obligations. Their business is crippled. Factories are closing because trade is stopped. Money is hoarded and not expended. Working-men are out of employment, and that means hunger and intense suffering to them and to their women and children. Through these lessons the people have learned somewhat of the silver question, and their opinions on it are strong, and are vigorously and sometimes pathetically expressed. Congress is listening to an educated public opinion through the newspapers, public meetings, and private communications; and Congress is showing evidence of its usual responsiveness to public opinion. The free-coinage movement is beginning to disintegrate, and the "friends of silver" to fall asunder.

The strongest evidence of the power of public opinion is furnished by the conversion of Senator **VOORHEES**. There is no doubt that in voting for and reporting a bill repealing the purchasing clause of the **SHERMAN** act he spoke the voice of Indiana. Other notable conversions have taken place in the House. Among those who have changed front are Mr. **MCCREARY** of Kentucky, a delegate to the Brussels Conference; Judge **PATTERSON** of Tennessee; and Mr. **JASON BROWN**, of Indiana. These are not all who have borne witness to the power of an aroused public sentiment. The influence is still at work. The Senate alone seems doubtful; but while every moment of delay brings fresh disaster to the business interests of the country, every moment of debate in and out of Congress makes the chances of repeal stronger. And of one thing more we may be certain, the Congressmen who come to their senses last will hardly save their political careers.

A NEW RATIO.

COMPROMISES on the currency are in the air, and that which the silver men now advance as acceptable to them is a new ratio: free coinage still, but at a new rate. What does this mean, and what would it bring us to if adopted?

The present ratio is 16 to 1; or rather, that is the ratio which the United States adopted in 1837. Under it, in reality, gold and not silver was the standard of value from 1837 to 1860. In 1878, after near half a century in which the silver dollars had been obsolete, we resumed, under the **BLAND** act, the coinage of a limited number of them at this old ratio. The fact that the coinage was limited prevented the silver money, then already much lower in intrinsic value than it had been before the war, from driving out the gold and becoming the sole standard of value. Under the **SHERMAN** act of 1890 the compulsory coinage of the dollars was indeed stopped; but the Treasury notes then authorized against the purchases of silver were made redeemable in gold or silver coin at the option of the government, and silver "coin" meant dollars to be coined at the traditional ratio in such amounts as the Secretary of the Treasury might order. We have been fortunate hitherto, notwithstanding these hazardous measures, in maintaining the gold standard, and in keeping the silver, whether issued under the **BLAND** or **SHERMAN** act, virtually in the position of a subsidiary currency. The danger has been that it might not be possible to keep it to this comparatively harmless place in the monetary system, and that the exhaustion of the gold reserve might bring us to the silver basis, a danger which has been so important a factor in bringing about the present financial distress.

Meanwhile the price of silver has gone steadily down and down, and the traditional ratio has become more and more hopelessly out of accord with the intrinsic worth of silver. The silver dollar coined at the ratio of 16 to 1 would be at par with gold—its intrinsic value would be equal to that of the gold dollar—if silver bullion were worth $1 29 an ounce in the market. Silver has not been worth that sum, or anything like it, for nearly twenty years. Even before the collapse caused by the closing of the Indian mints, silver went down to $1 00, 90 cents, 85 cents an ounce. Even our purchases, under the **SHERMAN** act, of all the silver produced by American mines checked this steady fall only for a few months. After a temporary rise, the decline set in again with ominous persistency; and the cessation of free coinage in India probably served merely to hasten the fall, likely to have come before long in any case, to the present price of about 70 cents.

It may not be amiss to point out how this change in the price of silver has affected the commercial correctness of our coinage ratio. If the price of silver were the "par" of $1 29, it would suffice to put 16 times as much silver into a dollar as there is gold in a gold dollar; 16 to 1 would be a correct ratio. But with silver at 70 cents, it would be necessary to put in 29½ times as much silver to make the silver dollar equal (until the price of silver changed again) to the gold dollar; the ratio must be 29½ to 1. To state the situation in a nutshell, we may say that if the silver dollar is to be as good as our present standard of value,

A ratio of	16	to 1 must be accompanied by a silver price of	$1 29
"	20	" " " " " "	1 03
"	24	" " " " " "	86
"	26	" " " " " "	80
"	27½	" " " " " "	75
"	29½	" " " " " "	70

The silver men have not even mentioned a ratio to correspond to the present market price—a ratio, say, of 27 or 28 to 1. Nor do they so much as suggest the ratio corresponding to the price which prevailed before the closing of the Indian mints brought the latest collapse in silver. That price was about 85 cents, which would mean a ratio of 24 or 25 to 1. The largest ratio proposed by Mr. **Bland** in his bill is 20 to 1; but he clearly wants 16 to 1 if he can get it, and an opportunity to get 17 or 18 or 19. His ultimatum is 20 to 1. Silver must rise to $1 03 an ounce if free coinage at that rate is to give us an honest dollar. At the present price, free coinage at 20 to 1 would still mean a debasement of the standard of value by 25 or 30 per cent.

Of course the silver men allege that free coinage, at whatever ratio, would cause the price of silver to rise, and that the existing price must not be taken as indicating what would be the intrinsic value of the silver dollar after the United States entered on a crusade in favor of the metal to the bitter end. Unquestionably, free coinage would raise the price of silver for a while. The United States government would be in the position of offering all its gold in exchange for silver at a fixed price—a price of $1 03 an ounce if the ratio were 20 to 1. As long as its gold held out, every one would sell his silver to the Treasury at that fancy price. It needs no great prescience to foretell that the Treasury gold would disappear very soon. We do not believe it would hold out for a week. Then the price of silver would be again determined by the normal operation of supply and demand, and the same forces which have brought it down for the last twenty years would again be at work. We should be on a fluctuating silver basis, with a constant tendency to further and further depreciation. The lesson of the **Sherman** act seems to be lost on the silver men. That measure tried to prop the price of silver by buying up and getting out of the market the entire product of the United States, the greatest silver-yielding country of the world. The attempt was a disastrous failure; and free coinage, at any ratio, would be only another failure, even more disastrous.

In fact, what the silver men now offer is a new sort of debasement—a cheap dollar; perhaps not as cheap as the one they formerly urged, but still cheap and debased. That they concede so much is encouraging, for it is a sign that their faith in the support of free silver from public opinion is weakening. No concession in principle should be made to them. With silver produced in the quantities that have come from the mines in the last generation, and with its steady disappearance from the standard money of advanced countries, it can never be the safe basis for the circulating medium of the foremost industrial country in the world. We must rest our money, in the language used by President **Cleveland**, on a basis universally recognized by civilized communities. That must be gold. Let us signify this by repealing—once for all, and without conditions—the **Sherman** act. So much done, we may stop to consider how far we shall use silver for essentially subsidiary purposes, and how far we shall provide for the growth of our currency on a gold basis. But with silver as standard money, or with silver threatening to become standard money—with free coinage and with **Sherman** acts—let us have done.

THE ROOF GARDEN.

The unfortunates who spent the summer in the country are beginning to return. A person would be heartless indeed who would ask them, How were the mosquitoes? or, Was your landlord kind? or tell them that awful truth of having seen their fresh vegetables being shipped to them by freight from St. John's Park; but we may perhaps enlarge briefly on one of the great joys of the city in the summer without being accused of gibing at or seeking to humiliate unduly these unlucky victims of the old-fashioned idea that the country is the best place wherein to pass the summer.

Of course we refer to the roof garden, that crowning glory of summer city joys. We have already set forth our theory—nay, we refuse to call it a theory—we have heretofore made public the fact that the city is cooler than the country in the summer, and given the scientific reasons therefor, namely, more shade, and increased velocity of the wind in the streets, owing to the lessening of its area of movement, as a river flows more rapidly where its bed is narrow than where it is broad. To call this self-evident truth a theory would be an insult to the intelligence of the public, of which we would not be guilty.

We published, we repeat, some time ago, our discovery of this important fact, so we do not need further to speak of it now. But we said nothing of the penetrating delights of the roof garden. We did not deem it fair to the people then happily in town to advertise abroad these felicities, and have the country stayers come rushing back and perhaps crowd the others out—or off. But we do not need longer to remain silent. What, indeed, is so rare as a roof garden? There are no roof gardens in the country. There are surface gardens, to be sure, but there are no cool round tables, nor inviting chairs, nor stages with much agreeable divertisement in those gardens. In the country gardens there are simply vegetables, damp, clammy vegetables; nutritious, perhaps, but not soul-satisfying—the deceptive pumpkin, with its roomy and deserted interior; the pale turnip, watery and insincere; the adolescent cucumber, provocative of Jamaica ginger and the nearest physician. But in the roof garden none of these uncongenial vegetables are grown. The successful roof-gardener plants the smooth-topped table rather than the crooked-necked squash, and waiters instead of watermelons. Then, too, the stage performance provided by the experienced roof-gardener is often mightily entertaining, abounding in divers curious and diverting features, which, together with the whiffs of the cool wind which is eddying in the aerial street rapids below, make the roof garden a place in which it is good to be; albeit even here will still come painful thoughts of the people suffering in the country with the sluggish winds and the active mosquitoes and hotel landlords.

Of course we do not mean to say that the roof garden is all it might be. The ideal roof garden is not yet under cultivation. It will be planted on the roof of a smooth and level-topped iceberg towed into the bay by the ingenious promoter of the enterprise. Around it there must swim a tame whale; for in the whole range of created things there is nothing so cool as a whale. He is cool physically and mentally. The very thought of a whale is cooling, and to associate with one in the flesh—and blubber—must be actually chilling. The whale will be taught to swim about the berg, and occasionally to put his nose up over the edge to allow the patrons to feed him ice-cream with a spoon, thus furnishing a new and attractive sensation. But till we have a berg garden the common roof garden will do very well, and in it most of the horrors of the country in the summer may be escaped.

THE DOMINION INDIAN.

The other day some Canadian Indian police captured a Frenchman charged with fraud. He had come from the old country, and was accused of swindling some French-Canadians, who pursued him with the assistance of the law; but the Indians caught him, and handed him over to the whites that he might be tried.

The story illustrates the difference between Canadian and our own methods in dealing with the Indians. When this difference began to be marked would be difficult to say. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the French in Canada and the English in our own colonies maintained very much the same attitude to the aborigines. They cajoled him, cheated him, gave him brandy or rum for his valuable skins, stimulated his passions, if he was an ally, and followed his savage example in ambuscade, murder, cruelty, and scalping, if he was an enemy. The Jesuits, however, did more for his education and for his conversion to Christianity than the English Protestants, and an Indian chief was a person of more social consequence at Montreal than at Albany or Boston.

Perhaps the small beginnings of the differentiation were here. The English on this side of the St. Lawrence have always dealt with the Indian problem with a heavy hand. The French employed their arts of diplomacy. Our English ancestors used to call it French cunning, and affected to despise it. Whether they were quite ingenuous in this is doubtful, for Englishmen in Canada have not been loath to learn something from their French compatriots.

At any rate, the Dominion government appears to have come a good deal nearer than we to the solution of the Indian problem. It does not have Indian outbreaks. It is true that some troubles from half-breeds have been experienced, but they have generally been due to the differences of opinion between the English and French. There is practically no Indian question in Canada, and proportionately to the numbers of their people there are probably more civilized Indians in Canada than in this country.

We have kept right on in the footsteps of our forefathers, treating the Indians to war, and our neighbors across the border have soothed him with the arts of peace. While we have been fighting him, they have been training him, and they have decidedly the advantage of us, not only in being relieved of the expense of guarding their settlers against depredations and massacre, but in securing from those who might be enemies a body of efficient guardians of life and property.

This country has been experimenting with its Indian problem for many years, but it cannot be that any one responsible for the condition of things on our frontier is proud of our achievements. When our soldiers have not been fighting the Indians who have rebelled against the injustice of Congress or the dishonesty of Indian agents and traders, these same agents and traders have been inciting another outbreak by cheating those whom we are pleased to call the "wards of the nation." We are now beginning to use the Indians as soldiers. Perhaps we have at last hit upon the first step of the proper solution of our problem. Whether we have or not, it will be a long time before we find our Indians acting as peace officers, and apprehending white criminals. The Dominion is many years in advance of us in this respect.

PROPOSED CONTROL OF WIDOWS.

Information comes from London of the formation there of a Society for the Regulation of Widows. Details, we regret to say, are lacking as to who and what this society is composed of, though it scarcely seems possible that it can consist of men in any considerable proportion. Though man is the victim—the natural prey—of widows, he has no desire to be otherwise. The new association must be made up of the widows' sisters.

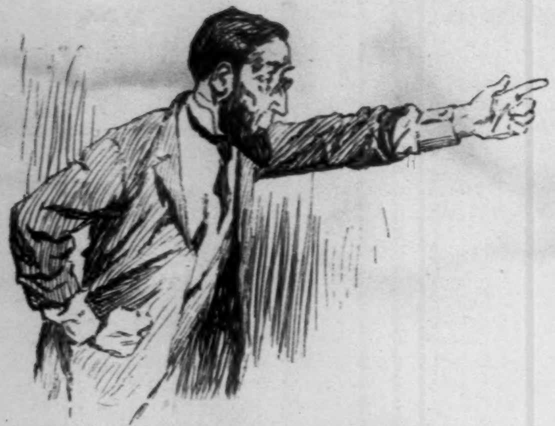
This view seems the more reasonable when we are told that the movement against the widow is begun on the ground that, "as a matter of abstract justice, it is not right that one woman should marry two or three times, when thousands of equally deserving sisters have no chance to marry even once"; and to uphold this dogma it is proposed to prevent widows from marrying. The new war on the widow is certainly being carried on by other women. There may be a few individually disappointed men, already married to widows, who are giving aid and comfort to the new movement, unknown, of course, to their wives; but women must form the active and visible workers—the controlling spirits—of the society. But we suspect that the English widows are no more alarmed at the movement against them than were the falls of Niagara when Mr. **Oscar Wilde** stood on their awful brink and told them, in a calm, firm voice, that they were not what they were cracked up to be.

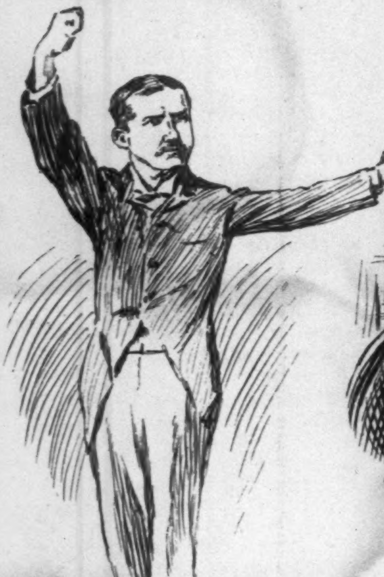
For we conceive resistance to the widow to be about as profitable an occupation as girding at the equator, or hinting that there is some sort of a scandal among the parallels of longitude. It was well remarked by some one, we believe by that keen observer and close reasoner the late Professor **Bosbyshell**, of the Montrose University, that for a man to "try to get the advantage of a widow is like attempting to file a buzz-saw while it is in motion." It may be replied that it is not a man who is trying to get the advantage of the widow in this case, but a sister woman. True; but woman in her natural, guileless, unsophisticated, unwhetted state, and not, like the widow, made subtle, penetrating irresistible, by her experience in subduing and managing a husband. Not that we mean altogether to disparage the sagacity and craftiness of woman before marriage; these things are relative; unmarried woman could easily, for instance, suppress and destroy that timid, irresolute, and humbled creature the widower; but when she turns to the wily and insidious widow, armed at all points, accustomed to command, ready for the fray, and offering welcome to the tempest, she finds much more than her match.

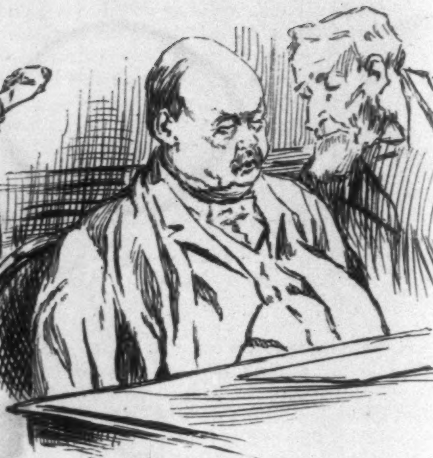
The widow, with her extraordinary power over man, is one of the most fascinating, albeit dangerous, studies presented to the scientist. For, though even the members of the new society for the suppression of widows may not admit it, the ordinary woman stands no sort of show whatever with the widow in bagging a man for matrimonial purposes. The formation of the society is a confession of weakness; they may talk of abstract justice and eternal equity and fundamental right, but if the widow were merely on an equal footing with them the society would never have been. Getting married for the widow is no more than going shopping—simply a matter of selecting and having it sent home. Sometimes she may delay for a season, or even find difficulty in suiting the complexion of her mind, or in matching (or contrasting, as the case may be) the former pattern; but when she finds what she wants she takes it. The widow does not affect bargain counters or shops on side streets. She goes to the best establishments and looks over the latest importations. Her maiden sister gazes in the show-window while she is inside placing her orders.

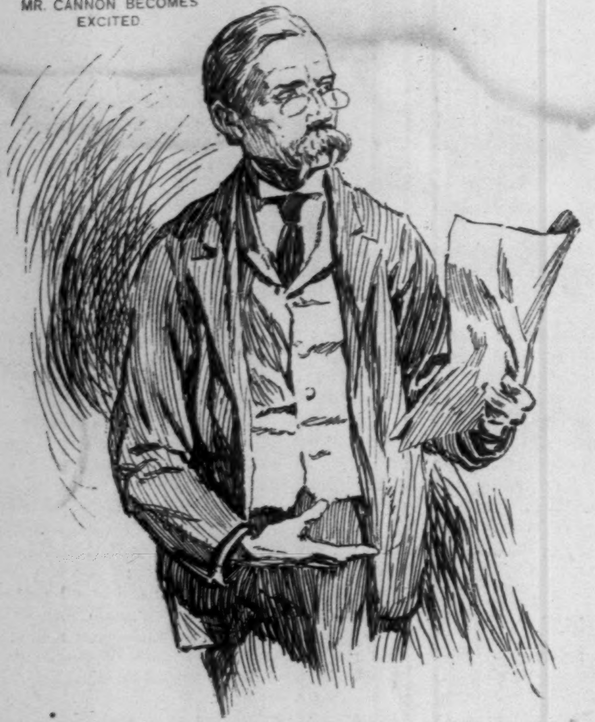
It seems probable that the marvellous power over man possessed by the widow really springs, as we have hinted, from man's own weakness. That is to say, if man were what he pretends to be he would not need that control, guidance, management, restraint, the exercise of which during her wedded life gives a woman that wonderful mastery over man which shows itself publicly when she has become a widow. The widow knows what a hollow, tinkling, sounding mockery is man. She knows all his weaknesses—his flabby excuses about coming home late at night; his transparent explanations of a redolent breath; his sickening remarks about the stringency of the money market; his gibbering accounts of why he discharged a plain type-writer and hired a pretty one. The widow's power over man comes chiefly from knowing precisely what a flimsy creature he is, and in being aware that he is to her as clay in the hands of the potter. She sees through him. To her he is an open book, and a book she has read, and of which she has a distinct recollection as to how it "comes out."

It would be highly interesting to know just how the members of the new society propose to carry on their anti-widow movement. We take it that they have already "whereased" and "be-it-resolved." We cannot believe that they will be so foolish as to put much dependence on moral suasion. Legislation seems to be their only hope; but legislation they can never obtain. No doubt they could get the noble House of Lords to turn its attention from the deceased wife's sister bill and consider a bill for, so to say, the demonetization of the widow; but it would never pass such a bill with the eye of the widow on it. The difficulty with the deceased wife's sister is that she is usually not a widow; otherwise the bill had been law long ago. With legislation impossible and suasion useless, what remains? That, apparently, which has always remained for man—surrender.


MR. CANNON BECOMES EXCITED.


MR. RAYNER OF MARYLAND.


EX-SPEAKER REED LISTENS TO MR. CANNON.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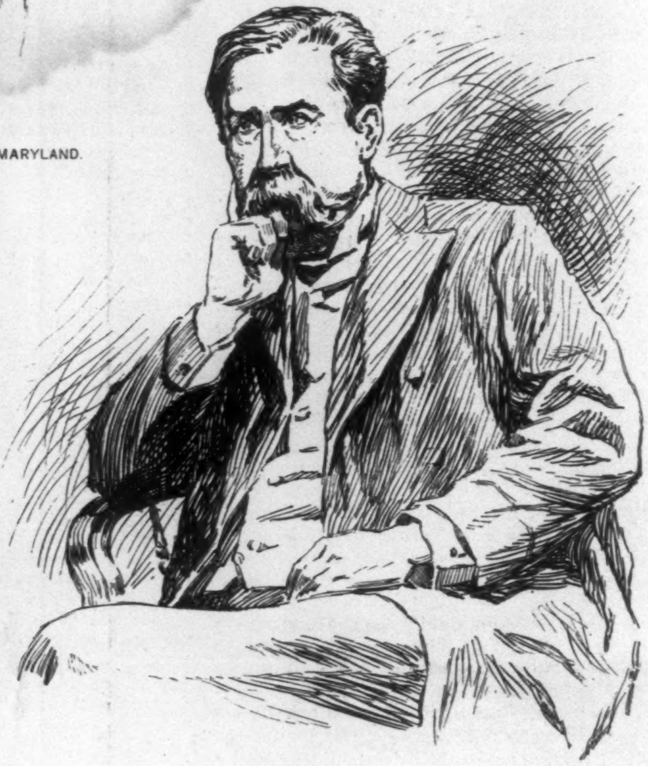
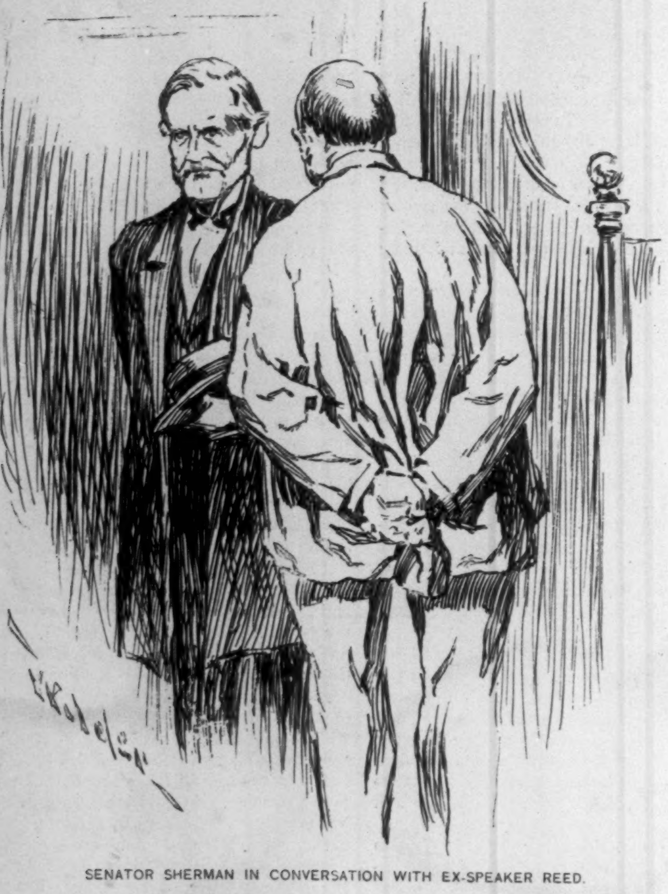
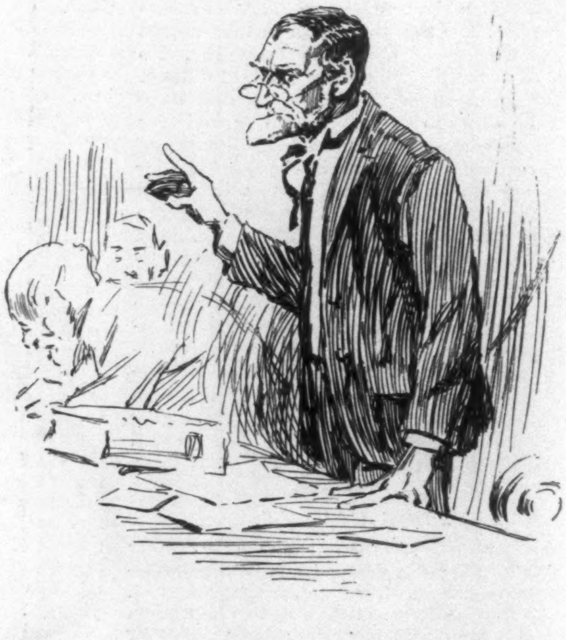
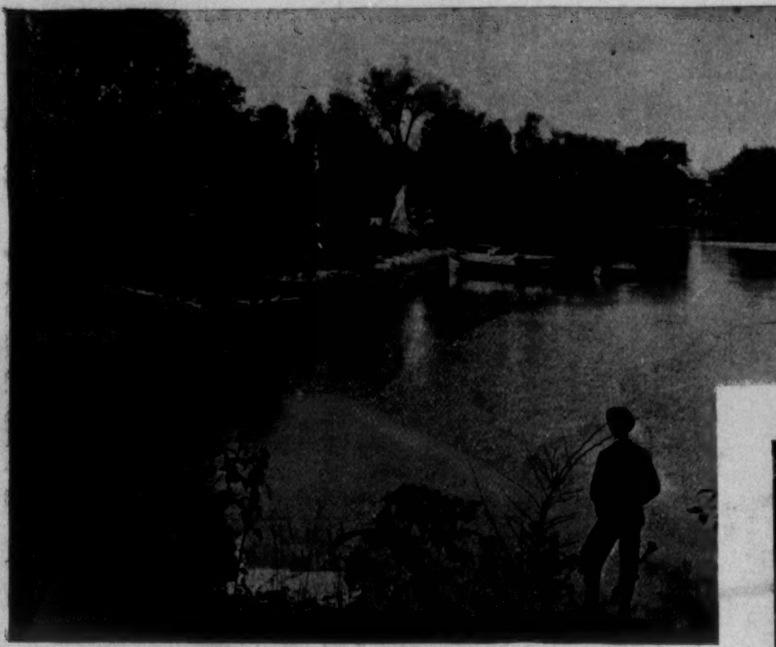

SENATOR VOORHEES.


SENATOR SHERMAN IN CONVERSATION WITH EX-SPEAKER REED.

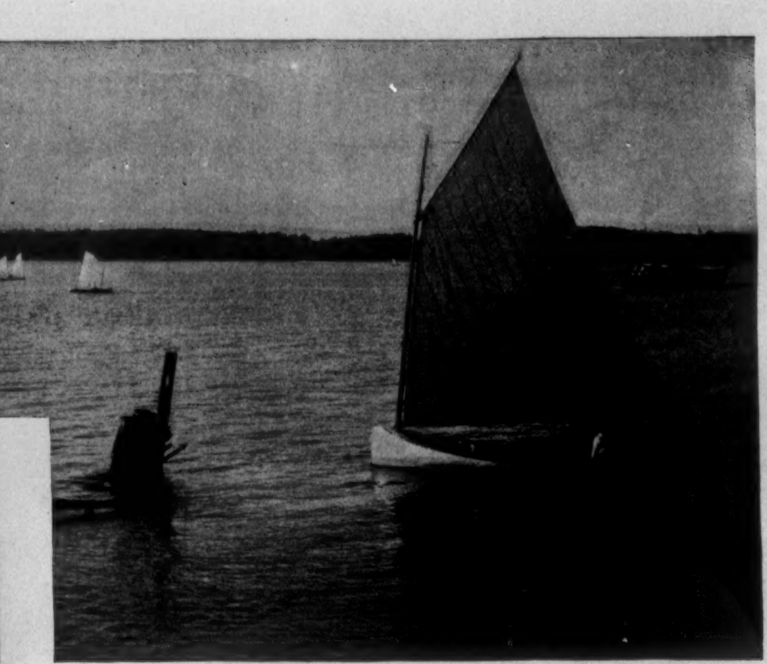

MR. HOLMAN RISES TO EXPLAIN.

THE MOVEMENT IN CONGRESS FOR THE REPEAL OF THE SHERMAN ACT.

Sketches in the Senate and House by H. M. Wilder.



VIEW OF THE CAMP, SHOWING MEN'S QUARTERS.



CLUB RACE, AFTERNOON OF AUGUST TWENTY-SECOND.

H. RICHARDSON'S TENT.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE VESPER CANOE CLUB.

WOMEN'S QUARTERS AT SQUAW POINT.

ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION AT WOLFE ISLAND, ST. LAWRENCE RIVER.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. HENDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 849.]

TEN PAGES FROM A DIARY.

BY LOUISE WORTHINGTON.

Sunday, Nov. —, 18—.

HAVE just been looking over my diary. It contains two hundred and four pages, close-written, giving most trifling episode in my business, smallest item of expenses, and—that is all. It is my third diary. The others were filled with the same. It has just occurred to me that there was nothing else to write. After fifty-five years my life is summed up thus: estate, bachelor; business, life-insurance; competency, slim; home, $10 hall bedroom in New York boarding-house; friends, one old widower, one pitying family; amusements, none.

From my window I look out at the ugly backs of a row of houses and down into their court-yards. In one of these yards, about the size of a table-cloth, there is a huge St. Bernard. He is bored to death. He stands looking at nothing for an hour, then paces to the kitchen window, lifts his nose, and howls in a way that would melt the heart of any one but a cook. He stands at the iron grating and looks for another hour. Perhaps once he walks across the pen; he gnaws his bone. He is bored to death. Poor old fellow!

Sometimes it comes over me that I was made for something better; I feel within me a certain nobility; I long to bound, to leap the wall, even to get into the kitchen, where the good things are. Tut, tut! what can be the matter with me to-day? I think I must be a little bilious. I'll go take a walk.

Monday.

I knew by my strange feelings yesterday that something unusual was about to happen. At eight o'clock this morning, as I started down to breakfast, I noticed that the door at the other end of the hall was open (a $20 room, and unoccupied). Going down the stairs, I met a man carrying a trunk up on his shoulder; reaching the hall, where I stopped to hang up my coat and hat, I almost ran into a young lady, who had just come in through the front door, and whom my landlady was receiving with unctious civility. I had no doubt that it was the $20 room. As I drew back and bowed courteously, the young lady looked up at me smiling, and I felt myself blushing, she was so pretty. I am not a conceited man, but I couldn't help noticing that she looked at me with a certain attentiveness. I know that I am not a handsome man; I am growing stout; I am somewhat bald; I have noticed lately with great uneasiness that my mustache is becoming quite grizzled; but I know that there is something about me that stamps me as a gentleman—nay, more, I may say an aristocrat. I bowed with dignity, and passed on. I lingered longer than usual over my egg and coffee, but she did not appear.

This evening I spent a long time at my toilette; I am always punctilious in that regard, but I have been growing a little careless about my neckties lately. With only the Joneses and Miss Greenhorne and the landlady's family (to say nothing of the young doctor's table), it really didn't seem to be worth while; but I know a gentleman should never allow himself to fall below his own standard of excellence. I stopped in at the barber's on the way home, also got a new tie, and when I stepped into the dining-room at the dinner-hour, quietly and without haste, as usual, I was conscious of looking my best. As I took my seat Miss Greenhorne had the poor taste to ask me if I was going out this evening. I suppressed her gently by remarking that I had not yet looked over my engagement card. There was a vacant seat at the other end of the table, on the opposite side. I ate slowly and watched the door. Just as the salad was passed to me, she came sweeping in, and hesitating a moment, with a curious glance for the whole room, took the empty chair. Miss Greenhorne flippantly asked me to help her to salad, and I did so with an air that showed the dignified reserve I always preserve towards every one at the table. *She* saw at a glance the difference—the barrier—between them all and myself.

From time to time she sent a scrutinizing glance at each in turn; when it came to me I leaned back easily in my chair, toying with some crumbs of cheese, and staring somewhat haughtily at the sideboard. I met her eyes once or twice—such eyes! clear hazel, frank and fearless as a child's; now wide open, suddenly narrowed as she regards one closely. I couldn't help noticing that when they met mine there was a little change of expression, almost too slight to analyze; a change from the curious glance at a new race of people to one of—shall I call it recognition? I lingered and drank two cups of coffee. I shall lie awake half the night to pay for it.

Tuesday.

She has a piano in her room, and, I understand, practised during the day. I heard Miss G. grumbling about it. But after dinner, while I was smoking my cigar as usual in my room, she put on the soft pedal and played some sentimental little tunes, and I opened my door and listened. I can't help thinking that she knew I would open my door; otherwise, why the soft pedal? And such tender strains! I could imagine her sitting in a half-dream, with a rapt look in her eyes, and her lovely hands wandering over the keys. (I noticed that her hands are white and finely shaped, and sparkling with two or three rings.) Forgot to make note yesterday of new company—"Weasle Life Ins. Co."; came without solicitation; capital piece of luck. Mudd paid me $40 on account.

Wednesday.

Strange! She looks too young to be in a New York boarding-house without a chaperon; and yet, why be narrow-minded about these things? What better protector could she have than that manner of hers? In spite of her winsome face (she has a deep dimple in one cheek), there is an aloofness—as you may say, an air of looker-on at a strange people, not her own people—that makes her unapproachable. Of course, I refer to the others; it would be different with me; and who knows if by-and-by—

Mrs. Jones tried to cross-examine her to-night, and a lawyer couldn't have baffled her more successfully.

Mrs. J. "Hm! Have you been much in New York?"

She (*showing dimple*). "Not much."

Mrs. J. "Come for long?"

She. "No, not long."

Mrs. J. "Run down for shopping, likely?"

She (*dimple*). "Oh, no, indeed!"

Mrs. J. "You play considerable on the piano."

She (*dimple*).

Mrs. J. "I said to Mr. Jones that I guessed you took lessons here, or something."

She (*rising inflection*). "Yes?"

Mrs. J. subsides.

I am sure she saw the laugh in my eye. I thought I detected an answer in her own. I wish I could squelch Miss Greenhorne as effectually; she pokes questions into me like pins, and I am forced to answer. I am afraid this will create a false impression in somebody's mind: it is so difficult to be a perfect gentleman and yet show her that it is my desire to preserve a gulf between myself and these others. Miss G. prodded me into a conversation on art to-night, and at first I was embarrassed, for I have never had the opportunity to cultivate a decided taste that I may say I have for this department. But I saw an expectant look in *her* face. I dilated my shirt front, stuck a thumb in my waistcoat pocket, and rolled out a disquisition that I must say surprised myself. She listened. I saw her smile into her coffee-cup. I was rewarded. My door is open; again she is playing for me, soft pedal, so that the others cannot hear. What the deuce is that tune? I know: "Romance"—by somebody or other. What can she mean? What can she mean?

Thursday.

As I came up the front steps at six o'clock to-night, fumbling for my latch-key, I looked up and saw her standing there, waiting to be let in. Bowing repeatedly, I stepped forward, with, "Allow me, madam," and opened the door for her, flinging it wide, and stepping back to let her pass, and bowing again. She swept by, turning her face to me, and the light from the hall fell on the cheek with a dimple in it. Her furs brushed my hand. I felt myself tremble.

There is the faintest breath of perfume as she passes you, with the freshness of out-of-doors and a soft rustle of silks, and you have the impression of beauty and youth and rich raiment, and you quake in your boots. When she sweeps into the dining-room a hush falls even on the table of the medical students, and they all turn and stare. I look at them fixedly, to show that no nonsense will be tolerated. And she takes her seat in the dingy old room, so fresh, so pretty, so lustrous in dress and twinkling with rings, and suddenly everybody at the table looks old and shabby. Everybody stares, except myself; but she eats her dinner as unconsciously and composedly as if she were alone in her own house. She avoided my eye to-night; I can't think why. Perhaps she *felt* me tremble on the step. Perhaps she herself— She has not played all the evening. What can it mean? She cannot be angry with me. Can it be that she is afraid she has gone too far? I am completely at a loss.

Forgot last night to make note of receipt of $150 50 from Grimm. Paid for month's board; paid wash-woman.

Friday.

She was not at dinner. No piano. She cannot be in, as there is no light under the crack of her door. A thousand conjectures rush upon me! I can't read my paper for pondering them. How desolate the house seems! The dining-room was gloomy and smelt stuffy. Miss G. was maddening. The dinner was poor, and I didn't wait for coffee I have tried two cigars, and they are equally bad, and yet I paid a quarter for each. Went to tailor to be measured for new suit clothes.

Saturday.

Yes, she certainly avoids my eye. Or if she happens to meet it, there is a—what shall I call it?—almost conscious look in her own. I thought she blushed when I passed the celery. After dinner, as I dawdled at the top of the stairs, she came running up singing. She pretended not to see me, and flashed by and into her room, leaving a little ripple of song behind her. She must be very happy to-night; she is playing some slapdash tunes that will make Miss Greenhorne's false front stand on end. As for me, it makes my heart dance. I feel twenty-five to-night.

Sunday.

I have been looking forward to to-day all the week. I have always dreaded Sundays like a cold in the head. Usually it is a tedious play of three acts: Act I.—Eat. Act II.—Eat. Act III.—Eat. Blanks between acts. But to-day I breakfasted with her, dined with her, teaed with her. She has been cold in her manner, a little distant, as if she feared that I might misconstrue her gayety last night, but at least I have had the joy of watching her. She started out with a little prayer-book this morning, and I followed, a block behind, and sat in the same church with her, prayed the same prayers, sang the same hymns, and looked at the back of her hat during the sermon Miracles have not ceased: the text was, "This heart that was desolate is become like the Garden of Eden"—at least I think it was *heart*. In the afternoon she went out. I went out. I met her walking on Fifth Avenue with a middle-aged lady. As we passed each other she looked me full in the eyes, unreservedly, unabashed, as though the presence of her chaperon gave her courage. The pitying family had invited me to tea, but I sent round a note saying that a friend from out-of-town prevented me from fulfilling my engagement, etc., etc. Well! Isn't she a friend? A telegram was handed her at the tea table; she looked thoughtful afterwards. We rose at the same instant, and I was a few steps behind her as we went up stairs. At the top of the second flight she turned suddenly, as if with an overmastering impulse, and making a gesture with the telegram, started to speak; then looked at me with narrowed eyes, checked herself, and turning, rustled hastily into her room. She looked perplexed—she is in trouble—she turned instinctively to me for help, and I, dolt that I am, was so slow to respond that she had time to crush back her impulse and snatch from me the greatest chance of my life! I shall never forgive myself! Dolt! Blockhead! I have thought of a thousand pretty speeches I could have made. I shall not sleep a wink to-night.

Monday.

Is it possible that it was just a week ago? A week? No, a year! a lifetime! I may say that my whole life, my only life, my real life, was compressed into that week. I have just passed through a crisis. My hand is trembling so I can hardly form a letter.

When I came home, at five o'clock this afternoon, a wagon was backed up to the curb-stone. The front door was open. Entering, I saw a man coming down the stairs with a trunk on his shoulder. I pushed past and rushed up. Her door was open. The landlady was putting brown holland covers on the chairs. I rushed down. The expressman was just shoving the trunk into the wagon. "What train is that trunk for?" I gasped. "Central, 5.10," he answered, shortly. I sprang away, hailed a passing cab, leaped in, shouted, "Grand Central Station! *lick* your horse!" and flew. All the way I was stabbed again and again by the thought of last night. (In fact, it had tortured me all day.) She was in trouble. She had turned to me; now she was gone, perhaps pained at my coldness, and would never know— But yes, she would! she should! I vowed a vow that before another day of estrangement had dawned *she would know*. By chance, just as I burst panting into the station, she stepped to the ticket-office with the middle-aged lady. Grown reckless, I darted after her, and stood at her elbow when she asked for "one ticket to X——." Pushing in next, I echoed the words. The train was called, the doors opened, the crowd surged through, bearing us with it. She went into a parlor car; I followed, and took the second seat behind her. The middle-aged lady kissed her good-by, and left. Now was my chance. But no. Fate had made different plans. The door at the end of the car opened; a tall boyish fellow in a light top-coat came in, saw her, sauntered up with lifted hat, and took the seat by her.

"Going home too?" I heard her say. "Oh, Mr. Grey, how very nice! I was just beginning to feel a little timid alone. Going back sooner than I expected to? Well, yes. You see, Aunt Grace was to meet me in New York and stay with me while I took my music lessons, and take me to the opera and concerts and all that sort of thing, and at the last moment her mother-in-law was taken sick, and she kept me there a week by telegraphing that she would come the next day and the next. Finally she telegraphed that she would have to give it up, and I decided to go home and surprise my family. It was such a joke! There I was, all alone, in a boarding-house—the snuffiest old place, and such ridiculous people—with a rented piano on my hands, too. And I didn't know any one in town but Mrs. Griffin. She was very decent to me, I must say—asked me to dinner, drove me down, and saw me off. But wasn't it a joke?" Then the train started up, and I didn't catch another word from there to X——. But I watched them. Not a single pretty motion of hers did I lose—nor of his; not that I mean that they were pretty. His manner seemed to me offensively familiar. If he had not been such a callow fledgling I might have found it in my heart to be jealous, but weighed in the scales with a man of the world like myself, mature, thoughtful, with a certain dignity of character, I may say, I could not believe it possible— But on to the end! It was pitch-dark when we reached X——. They took a carriage; I took another. "Follow that," I said to my driver, pointing, "and stop where they stop." We drove through the main street of the town, all twinkling with lights, turned a corner, and stopped before a great looming bulk of a house set with bright windows. I saw the youth hold the gate, and her figure flit up the path, and the front door open and swallow her up in a great burst of light. The youth got into his carriage and drove off; I got out of mine, dismissed it, and stood alone in the dark. At this point I began for the first time to feel the chill of my fifty years. I stood and looked at the strange house and wondered why I had come. It isn't the first dash of enthusiasm that deserves applause, but the pluck that can push on when the fire seems suddenly to die in the heart. I spent the next hour wandering about the villagelike streets of the place, reasoning with myself. When I returned to the great house, and opening the gate, walked firmly up the long path to the door, I felt that it was the sublimest moment of my life. When a servant answered my ring I asked for her with such naturalness and dignity that I was ushered at once into the parlor without a question. I had scarcely time to note the elegance and comfort of my surroundings, when my ear caught a familiar rustle, and she came into the room.

"Did I understand that you wish to see me, sir?" she asked, with that cold manner I knew so well.

I bowed. "I am not unknown to you," I began, with a speaking glance.

"Pardon me; I never saw you before," she said, still more coldly.

"Ah, pray let us put aside all evasions!" I exclaimed. "Let us throw off conventionality and speak from the heart. I repeat that I am known—well known—to you."

She narrowed her eyes and looked at me attentively.

"Ah!" she cried. "It is the old gentleman who sat opposite me at the boarding-house—is it not?"

I think my face must have been anguish-stricken.

"Pardon me," she said, kindly. "I am so near-sighted that I am practically blind. I may say that I have never really seen you before."

I sat down suddenly on one of the richly upholstered chairs and looked at the floor. She sat down at a little distance and waited politely.

"This will seem to you insane," I managed to whisper, hoarsely, at last; "you will think me a madman. I cannot explain. It has all been a misunderstanding, a mistake. I only ask," I added, rising and coming toward her, "that you will believe that I am—a gentleman."

She rose, held out a gracious hand, and looked at me kindly, the dimple flashing out in her cheek. I bowed over her hand—the rest is a blur in my memory.

I am sitting in my hall bedroom. Everything is just as it was ten days ago, as it will be ten days—ten years—hence. But I feel old to-night—very old.

There! Will tear out these ten pages and begin again to-morrow in old way; have quite lost run of business and accounts. Must go see Grimm to-morrow about mortgage. Drew $50 from bank to-day.

Yes, I feel old.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

BY WARDON ALLAN CURTIS

"DID you know Ed Harmon and Clarence Farquharson down there at the university? Well, I want to know. Why, they are the best boys in Verony, and for a little place Verony will show up more fine fellers than any town I know of.

"Fine-lookin' fellers, ain't they? Don't know which is the best-lookin'. Some fellers think Ed is, and some think Clarence is. I presume Ed's folks think he is the best-lookin', and Clarence's folks think he is.

"Both of 'em are fine speakers. Don't know which is the best. Mebbe Ed is the best, and mebbe Clarence is. I presume Ed could speak 'Marco Bozzaris' better than Clarence, and that Clarence could lay out Ed givin' 'Spartacus to the Carthaginians.'

"Both of 'em are good hunters. Don't know which is the best. Ed is good; so is Clarence. I presume that on his father's farm out in Minnesoty Clarence would kill more rabbits than Ed could, but up 'round Verony Ed would git more pa'tridges than Clarence would. On a bear, one of the common black kind we have up 'round Verony, I presume Clarence would be the best, though mebbe he wouldn't; but if one of them big cinnamon-bears took after 'em, Ed would be the boy to fix him, I think, though mebbe he wouldn't.

"Great fellers to smoke. Don't know which smokes the most. Mebbe Ed does; mebbe Clarence does. I presume that up to Farquharson's on Sunday afternoons Clarence would smoke more with his meerschaum; but out campin', with lots of skeeters 'round, you can bet Ed would use up tobacco with his old briar.

“Great fellers for athletics. Great wrastlers. Don't know which is the best. Mebbe Ed is; mebbe Clarence is. I presume if Ed got Clarence foul with an under-holt, and Clarence was kinder unprepared, he would put him on his back; but if Clarence should jump on Ed when he warn't lookin', git his arms round him before he knew it and sort of twist him over like, probably Ed would go down.

“Both of 'em are dressy fellers. Every night at seven o'clock they put on their Prince Albert coats and go up town. But it ain't to see the girls. They swore off on that, and I will tell you why.

“It is several years ago now that I went to work for old man Dyspringer in his general store; Dyspringer & Bookins is the firm since I went into partnership; but Dyspringer run it all alone then, and I was only a clerk. I lived at his house with him. He kept a pet bull-dog at the store nights, and had me at the house. He said there warn't nothin' a desperate character would try to git down to the store, the most valuable things bein' six-dollar pants, while up to the house was all his cash and silver-plated ware, and he wouldn't risk the bull-dog's life guardin' them valuables against the kind of villanous and determined men that would come after 'em. He had a daughter, old Dyspringer had, a good-lookin' sensible girl, and Clarence and Ed were both after her. I had always known Clarence and Ed, so I wished 'em good luck, because whichever one got her would git a good wife, and fall heir to a large and varied stock of clothing, hardware, soap, hair-ile, and everything else the inhabitants of a town like Verony would be likely to buy.

“I watched the courtin', and sometimes I thought Ed was ahead, and sometimes I thought Clarence was. One day Mary—that was her name—asked me which one I considered was the most suitable for matrimony. I told her I couldn't tell, as two more evenly matched fellers in the virtues and vices I never see. The only way I could think of decidin' would be to have some sort of trial, she to be the prize. She asked me to name the kind of trial, but I was so unsettled in my mind about it that I couldn't name one. I couldn't think of any kind of trial in which either of 'em was best, and one of 'em had to beat, you know.

“‘Have 'em shoot at a mark,’ said Mary.

“‘That might do,’ said I. ‘Ed is a fine shot with a rifle, and Clarence ain't; but Clarence is such a blamed lucky feller that he generally beats Ed.’

“‘Have a shootin' match,’ said she.

“Course we had to do it, and I put up a dry-goods box with a black bull's-eye on it out in Sanders's cow pasture. Ed hauled off and shot, and there was his bullet-hole right in the bull's-eye. Clarence aimed; his gun wobbled every which way, but what did he do but send his bullet right through the same place Ed shot. Never see the beat of that feller's luck. Ed started out to claim that Clarence never hit the box at all, but I knew he did. His gun used a smaller bullet than Ed's, and it went right through the hole without touchin' the sides. Gosh! but Clarence was lucky!

“Well, everybody in town heard about the trial, and old man Dyspringer did too. He said he warn't goin' to have his daughter made ridiculous, and he ordered Clarence and Ed to keep away, and tried to marry Mary off to the Presbyterian minister. Mary told me she wanted another trial.

“‘I love them boys, and I don't know which one I love the most,’ said she. ‘Clarence is such a good, true feller, and Ed can tell such interestin' lies. I kinder think Clarence likes me best.’

“‘Jest because he sent you a twenty-five-cent valentine. I know how much it cost, because he got it out of the store. Who kept sendin' you candy hearts with “I love you,” “Dear, sweet as this candy,” “Fair charmer,” and such things on 'em in red letters?’

“‘Well, Clarence takes me out drivin', and asks me if I don't want to drive, and Ed only goes horseback ridin'.’

“‘Well, Ed 'ain't got any suitable carriage to ride in—nothin' but that old buggy lopped 'way down on the left side, where his old grandfather Biggers, the fat man, used to ride home from town with a couple of kegs of beer on the seat beside him, gradually transferrin' the contents of the kegs and disturbin' the balance of the buggy springs.’

“‘I've got it all fixed. Pa don't allow them boys to come here now. I want you to git old Judge Beasly to come here at ten o'clock to-morrow night, prepared to marry me to Clarence or Ed. At quarter of ten I want you to tell Clarence and Ed to come here, and that I'll marry him. The first feller that gits here gits me. I don't want either of 'em to know the other has been asked, and I'll know that the one who comes first likes me best. Pa goes to bed at nine. I'll stand in the winder lookin' out of the hallway upstairs. You can put a ladder up to the winder for Clarence or Ed to climb up on. You can put another ladder up to the piazzy roof. Beasly can git pretty near the winder on the piazzy roof and perform the ceremonies from there. I want you to come right back here after notifyin' the boys, to assist me in calmin' pa if he wakes up.’

“Early next day I notified the judge to be on hand ready to marry somebody. He was willing to do it, business bein' slack, and got me to advance him a dollar on the marriage fee, and I knew that by ten that night he would have drunk all the liquor a dollar would buy. At a quarter of ten I found Clarence and Ed playin' dominoes at Jackson's store, and I took each one aside and told him to come on out and git married.

“‘I must go home and put on my Prince Albert and shave first,’ whispered Clarence, and he skipped for home.

“‘I must go home and put on my Prince Albert and shine my shoes,’ whispered Ed, and off he scooted.

“I went back to Dyspringer's and told Mary I had obeyed her orders. Beasly was there, asleep on the piazzy roof, and I was afraid he would fall off and spoil things. Mary was mad about the fellers not rushin' right out to her house. She said they cared more for Prince Alberts and show than they did for her. After a while I see one of 'em come into the yard and stand at the foot of the ladder, but I couldn't tell which it was.

“‘Who is it?’ asked Mary of me. ‘I want to know who I'm marryin'.’

“‘Mebbe it's Clarence and mebbe it's Ed. Looks kinder like Clarence and kinder like Ed.’

“‘Can't you tell from the clothes?’

“‘Clarence wears a Prince Albert; so does Ed. That straw hat with a black ribbon looks like Clarence's, but the ribbon on Ed's hat is dark blue, and that would look black at night.’

“‘Who is it?’ whispered Mary to the feller.

“‘Me,’ he whispered back.

“‘Can't you tell from the voice?’ asked Mary of me. ‘I don't want to ask if it's Clarence or Ed, because I want whoever it is to think I never thought of marryin' anybody but him.’

“‘I 'ain't heard either of 'em whisper since we went to school. It kinder sounds like the tones in which Clarence used to whisper “Now's your chance,” when we used to throw pertaters at Jim Osgood, sittin' in the front row, when teacher warn't lookin', but it also reminds me of Ed's hushed voice when we used to rob your pa's melon patch.’

“‘Oh dear, what am I goin' to do?’ groaned Mary, aloud. That woke old Beasly up, and he said, sharp like, ‘Join hands,’ and Mary was so startled she slipped her hand in mine.

“‘I pronounce you two man and wife,’ said Beasly, ‘in virtue of the authority vested in me,’ and he lighted a match. ‘Why, it's you, Bookins. You are the feller. Well, I'll make out the papers, and they'll be at the office.’

“Well, I was married, and I didn't care. Mary didn't care either. She said she was tired of foolin' 'round tryin' to decide between two fellers. Old Dyspringer didn't care either. He said he was glad Mary married a sensible feller like me, instid of a couple of blamed dudes like Clarence and Ed. I never knew which of them boys was the maddest. Sometimes I think Clarence was; sometimes I think Ed was.”

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

THE summer mists creep up thy fir-crowned heights;
  The winter blast thy hoary head receives;
  Far down, the rain upon the maple leaves
Makes solemn music through the days and nights.
Or autumn sunbeams dart their gay delights
  In beechen solitudes, where 'neath their eaves
  The forest pool a veil of glory weaves,
And bending branches sway in broken lights.
O splendid silences! O scorn sublime!
  Thou Sphinx of Nature, towering o'er the march
  Of nations 'neath the heaven's unheeding arch,
Above the cycling dawns and darks of time,
  A calm Eternal Hope in granite cast,
  Waiting for some great Dawn to come at last.

L. ORMISTON CHANT.

THIS BUSY WORLD

THE visit of M. Paul Bourget to the United States and its fair is the more notable from the dearth of eminent men of letters from foreign parts who have thought the fair worth the considerable trouble of a visit. Mr. Besant is one of the very few English writers of international reputation who have yet been to Chicago. Perhaps, after all, the fair is a spectacle that has more attractions for journalists than for writers of books. Thomas Hardy or George Meredith would be flabbergasted rather than edified by it. William Black is fond of writing about Americans, but he prefers them modified by an environment of Scotch heather and London clothes, and might not be edified by the untamed creature in his lair. If Mr. Ruskin were younger and in rude health it would be a delight to read his impressions of our great show. It is possible that the White City might have got his approval, but it is hard to imagine a more realistic conception of a Ruskinian hell than Chicago would afford him. Sir Edwin Arnold is newspaper man enough to have found endless material at Chicago; but the man of all others whom one would have wished to have sum up the whole Columbian endeavor was Matthew Arnold. Mr. James Bryce will hardly leave us unvisited this year except for good reasons, such as Parliament may afford. Andrew Lang, I take it, would rather read about any show than see it, so he is not to be expected. But there is Rudyard Kipling! He will hardly venture to skip the fair, and if he visits it, some printed matter must ensue. He visited Chicago at least once before, and the results got into print; and whatever else may be said of them, it cannot be denied that they made exhilarating reading.

Lady Tryon's refusal of the pension of £600 a year, to which she was entitled as an admiral's widow, is interpreted to attest her grief at the knowledge that the *Victoria* disaster was due to her husband's error. However hard the obvious fact may have borne upon her, there has been nothing in the English treatment of Admiral Tryon's memory which could add an additional pang to her woe. The Admiral's blunder seems to have been accepted as an inexplicable calamity, of a quality entirely beyond the reach of blame. The London *Times*, in commenting on the findings of the court martial, seemed to express a general sentiment when it said that Tryon would “be judged rather as the victim of an accident, none the less an accident because it happened in the delicate tissues of a human brain, than as one who fell into any common mistake of incapacity.” Bluntness rather than delicacy is the common characteristic of public opinion, but the treatment of Admiral Tryon's memory by his surviving contemporaries is a notable example of justice tempered with charity and esteem.

The Rev. George A. Beecher writes from Kearney, Nebraska, to Secretary Welsh, of the Indian Rights Association at Philadelphia, deploring the reported intention of the War Department to disband the Indian companies in certain regiments of the army stationed in the West. Mr. Beecher says that in the course of his work he has been used to hold services at Fort Sidney, Nebraska, and has there had a chance to observe the Indians enlisted from the Brulé and Yankton agencies of South Dakota, who form Company I of the Twenty-first Infantry. These Indians, he says, he has known for a year, and he is strongly impressed, as a result of close personal observation, with the value of army discipline and soldierly habits as a means of civilizing them. The Indian soldiers, he avers, are far better off as soldiers than they have ever been before. Those that he has seen are in excellent hands, are neat, orderly, proud of their uniform and equipments, and seem to be making steady progress towards the white man's standard of living. Mr. Beecher believes that to send these Indians back to a reservation would be to throw away the work that has been already done for their improvement, and begs the Indian Rights Association to use its good offices to try to secure the retention of the Indian companies, and if not all, at least of this company, the improvement of which has so impressed him. What the Indian Rights Association will be able to do in the matter depends largely, no doubt, upon whether the disbanding of the Indian companies is proposed for the good of the Indians or of the service. If the good of the Indians is to be a consideration, Mr. Beecher's evidence should carry some weight.

What does any one suppose that Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, really means when he talks about “the intellectual hermaphrodites and dawdling perverts and petticoated clay-eaters who, on little tinsel thrones along the Eastern coast, presume to set themselves up as dictators in the great realm of American literature.” Is he after the magazine editors again? Is it they who are hermaphrodites and clay-eaters and all those calamitous epithets, or is there some new bugaboo in the East, whose discrimination threatens to be distasteful to Chicago? It is a fine burst of language that Mr. Field has allowed himself, anyhow. It is quite a good trade to be an eloquent scold, and though Mr. Field is too genial and amiable a person to follow it, he shows talent in that direction that it is almost a pity not to develop.

It strikes a landsman as an odd omission that the average cat-boat or small sail-boat of any sort should feel no obligation to carry life-preservers. When the cat-boat capsizes she sinks, and the occupants have only the choice between sinking and swimming ashore, neither of which is usually convenient. When a larger vessel comes to grief there are some small boats to get into, but the sinking cat-boat leaves its skipper on his muscle, with nothing but that and water between him and the bottom of the sea. Of course, whatever happens to a small boat happens without warning, and gives no time for preparation. Consequently, if the cat-boat's life-preserver is to be of use it must revert automatically to the surface when the proper time comes. The appliance that will do that, if anything will, is the cork cushion. When the boat gets out from under the young cat-boater it gets out at the same instant from under the cork cushion, and the two are admirable company for one another when both are adrift. Careful parents whose offspring are addicted to cat-boats should take notice of the cork cushion. It may not save the boy's life, for, happily, the chance to do that does not often offer. But at least it may save the parent some worriment, and even that is worth while.

Word has been received that the Vienna Fashions Club has notified the Austrian tailors to produce colored dress-coats. The news is not important in this country. The American male finds a black swallow-tail-coat the least troublesome garment of the sort that can be produced. That he is sometimes mistaken for the waiter does not trouble him in the least. As the most democratic garment in use the black evening coat appeals to him as the one best suited to his social necessities. If he finds amusement in occasional flights in color, he joins a hunt club, and dines in scarlet. About once in four years he wears a court dress to a fancy ball, and the immense bother of it leaves him more infatuated with plain black than ever.

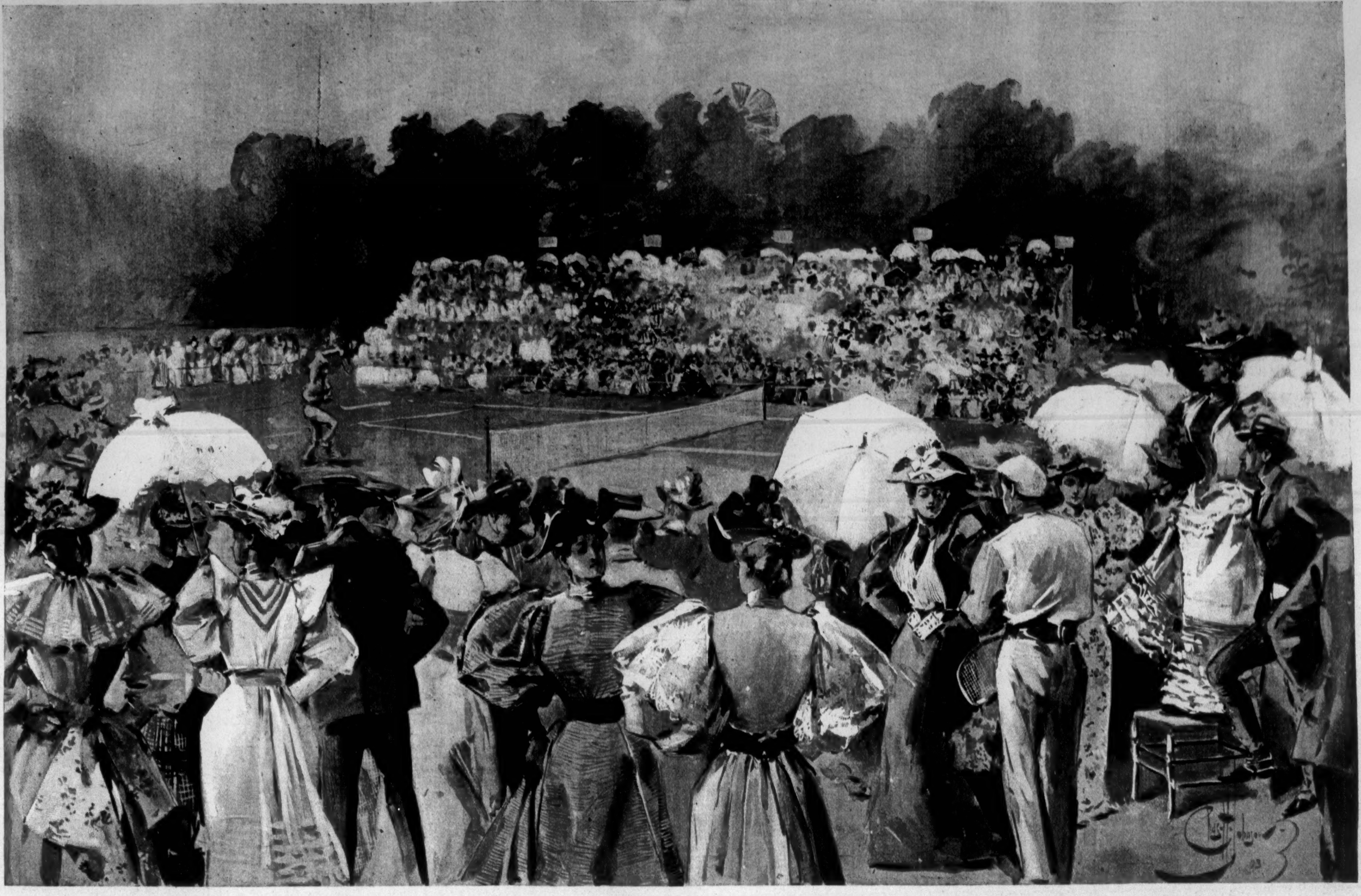
A decision that affects the mooted question of property rights in a deceased person's biography was sent down by Judge Colt, of the United States Circuit Court, the other day, in the Boston case of Corliss *et al.* against the Walker Company. The plaintiffs were the widow and children of George H. Corliss, the inventor, and asked for an injunction restraining the defendants from publishing and selling a biography of Mr. Corliss, and from printing and selling his picture in connection with it. The plaintiffs said that their feelings would be hurt by such publication and sale. The judge ruled that Mr. Corliss was not a private person, as the plaintiffs alleged, but an inventor of world-wide reputation, and a public man in the same sense as authors or artists are public men. He held, nevertheless, that the distinction between public and private character was in this case not important, since “under our laws one can speak and publish what he desires, provided he commits no offence against public morals or private reputation.” He therefore refused the injunction as to the biography, but ruled out the portraits on the ground that they were obtained on conditions which the defendants had not complied with. In the Schuyler monument case it was held that Mrs. Schuyler was a private person, and that her effigy could not be exhibited without the consent of her family. Judge Colt's opinion would seem to be somewhat in conflict with that decision. The status of the law of privacy is still somewhat vague in this country, and decisions affecting it are sharply watched, especially by people who are persuaded that privacy can stand vastly more protection than it gets at present without any serious abbreviation of the public's rights.

The whole amount of the pensions issued in England this year in consideration of services to literature, science, and music is twelve hundred pounds. The list includes fifty pounds to the widow of T. A. Trollope, because of her husband's literary merits and her narrow means; the same sum to the widow of Thorold Rogers, the political economist; seventy-five pounds to Mrs. Minto, on account of the literary work of her husband, the late Professor Minto; a like sum to the widow of Professor William Ditmar, the chemist; and fifty pounds to Mrs. Cashel Hoey, in consideration of her own literary work and straitened circumstances.

Chicago is convinced that it needs a new four-million-dollar Federal building. New York unquestionably needs a new post-office. Here are two admirable opportunities for Uncle Sam to show how well he has learned the architectural lesson of the White City, and how much better he can build now than he could before he went to the fair.

One hundred and twelve performances of Tennyson's *Becket* were given in London before the run of the play was cut short by the departure of Mr. Irving and Miss Terry from London. Next April Mr. Irving expects to bring out at his theatre a play by Mr. Comyns Carr, founded, as he says, “upon the greatest of our national legends, the immortal story of King Arthur, of Lancelot and Guinevere.” In spite of the alleged decadence of the drama, it would seem that the English public, if judiciously approached, does not absolutely refuse to witness new plays that have actual dramatic merit to them.

E. S. MARTIN.


Chas H Johnson
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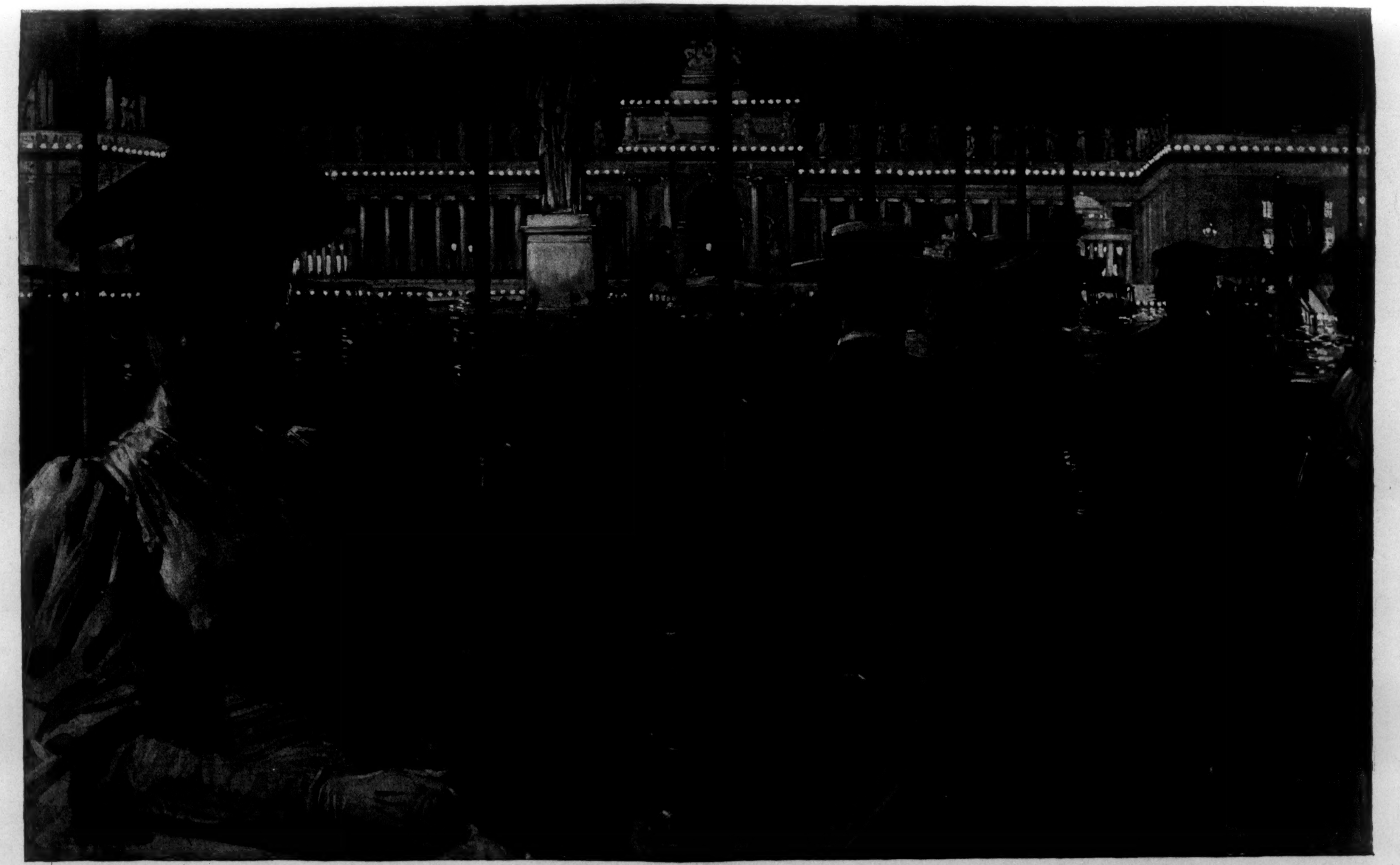
THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT AT NEWPORT.—Drawn by Charles Howard Johnson.—[See "Amateur Sport."]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—AN EVENING ON THE LAGOON.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.

IN HOC SIGNO PISCES
LOUIS RHEAD

ALASKA FISH AND GAME.

BY ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE.

WHEN Alaska becomes a State and possesses a coat of arms, fish, either natant, torqued, or salient, will surely figure in the device. The whale and the seal will long have become extinct by the time such Statehood is attained, and it is also possible that by that time salmon may be rare catches in the region where they are now so plentiful. Nature plainly marked the northwest coast as the home of a superior and intellectual people, as the commonest stock must become the fine flower of a race with such a prodigal feast of fishes provided them. At every season, with each turn of the tide, or hour of the day, some different form of marine creature may be hooked, netted, thrown ashore, gigged, or raked out of Alaskan waters. Again, when the tide is out the table is spread, and every beach and rock has its bivalves or univalves, starfish and devilfish, and other creatures palatable to the native, who seldom eats other than the second course, yet enjoys a varied menu. One may always go a-fishing there, and catch from whales to minnows, and Alaska fish promise to become as great factors in the world's food supply as American pork or corn.

Among all the finny tribes the salmon is king, and each year silent armies attack the coast, moving in concert as if by some mysterious signal. Millions besiege the mouths of fresh-water streams, storm the water ramparts of cascades, and gain the citadels of snow-fed lakes, only a fraction of them being captured. The statistics of the Alaska salmon trade deal in large numbers. From a half-million to seven hundred thousand cases, each case containing four dozen one-pound cans of salmon, are shipped below each autumn, and their value exceeds three million dollars. The thirty-seven salmon-packing establishments represent an investment of more than four million dollars, and between five and six thousand people and one hundred steam-vessels are engaged in the work during the three months of the busy season. The pack is sent to the Eastern States—where the salmon has been extinct for so many years—to Australia, Europe, South America, and to all Catholic countries. "While the Pope stays by us the business cannot fail," said one impious packer.

There were three great salmon seasons in succession—1888, 1889, and 1890—and when the season of 1891 opened the pack of the preceding year was unsold, and in the autumn 789,000 cases were added to the waiting supply so far in excess of the market demand. By an agreement among the salmon-packers, whose headquarters are at San Francisco, twenty-nine canneries were closed for the year, and the pack was reduced more than one-half. Two-thirds of this salmon pack comes from the Karluk River, on the little island of Kodiak, eight hundred miles west of Sitka. It is the greatest salmon stream in the world, and the most extravagant fish stories told by imaginative people cannot equal the Karluk facts. The river, only sixteen miles in length, from one hundred to six hundred feet in width, and from one to six feet in depth, used to be a solid mass of salmon of the same dimensions in the summers before the canneries were established. Ten canneries are supplied by seining at the mouth of this river and along the beach, and one is the largest canning establishment in the world. Seventeen thousand salmon have been beached at a single haul of the seine, and in one day 153,000 salmon were taken at the Karluk's mouth. Naturally, the procession ascending the river to the lake has been much reduced, yet the stream is so crowded that each receding tide still leaves thousands of fish to die uncovered along the banks. Four million red salmon were caught in the Karluk in one summer, and three times that many fish wasted. Until this season it has not been possible for an ordinary traveller to visit the Kodiak region, and the steam-tug that inaugurated the government's mail service between Sitka and Unalaska in 1891 had no passenger accommodations, and refused to take passengers until September, when the salmon run was over and all interest and attraction gone.

The cannery men of that region enjoy an absolute isolation and monopoly. Each season they bring their employés, stores, and all supplies from San Francisco on their own steamers, and return the employés and the pack by the same vessels. None bring their families, intending to make homes and establish permanent settlements on these shores, to pack other fish in their seasons and cultivate little farms—to make another Cape Ann, a Normandy, a Brittany, or a Norway of this country, which offers them a more equable climate, better soil, better harbors, nearer and larger fishing-banks, than any Atlantic fishermen enjoy. The thousands of Chinese, Greek, Italian, Portuguese, and Aleut fishermen gathered at some of these westward stations are said to constitute the roughest, most lawless, and degraded communities anywhere under our flag, and no official restraint of any kind is put upon them. For three months they seine and pack salmon, and then disappear until the next season. Scarcely a dollar of the millions realized remains in the territory, and no fraction of the wages paid results in any local improvements or benefits to the natives. No taxes are levied upon these nearly alien contract laborers, on any cannery plant or property, and the great industry means nothing for Alaska. A more flagrant instance of the evils of absentee landlordism could not exist, nor a greater contrast be offered to the methods and results in North Atlantic fishing-grounds and fishing-communities.

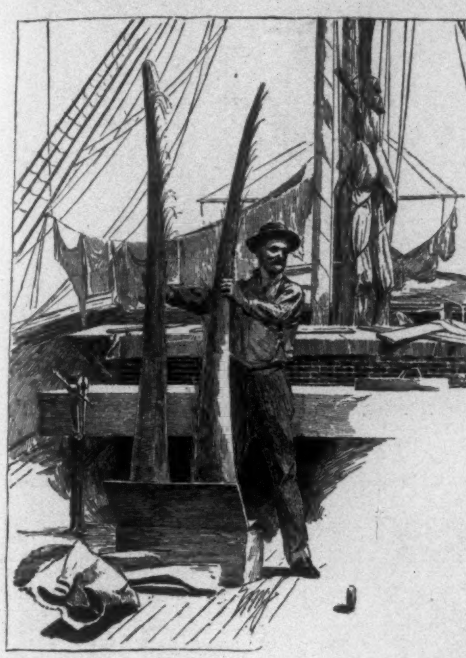
While the Kodiak region remains so isolated, one may see salmon enough in southeastern Alaska, and nearly all of its seventeen salmon-packing establishments are posts of call on the direct route of the mail and excursion steamers. There are no secrets in the business, and the tourist is welcomed hospitably at the canneries and permitted to see and smell to satiety. When the salmon of the Columbia River began to fail, in proportion as the number of canneries increased, Astoria packers turned their attention to Alaska. The first cannery was established at Sitka in 1878, but along in 1882–3 many "salmon-prospectors" came to select sites in southeastern Alaska, and soon every stream up which salmon were known to run had its cannery or saltery. None of them was on a large scale. Many of them have since closed, because there were not enough fish of desirable species frequenting the chosen waters, or have been bought up by larger canneries. The Loring Cannery, on Revilla-Gigedo Island, now packs the catch of six different streams, each of which had formerly its separate establishment. Steam-launches tow the scows to and from the seining-grounds, and improved and businesslike methods have taken away much of the picturesqueness and interest that formerly attached to the Alaska excursion trip, as the mail-steamers do not now visit so many isolated and remote nooks to land and receive freight.

As with every other industry and enterprise in Alaska, the salmon-canning has been very much of a go-as-you-please affair, the government paying no heed, neither helping nor hindering the growing industry. The fish-commission steamer *Albatross* has been occupied in sounding and marking the cod banks far to westward, and the one envoy sent out by the commission to study the salmon reached the Kodiak region after the season was over, and did not visit the fishing-stations in southeastern Alaska at all. There is a law prohibiting the placing of fish-traps, weirs, or obstacles in rivers or streams, but, as with other ordinances referring to Alaska, the government has provided no means for enforcing it. The collector of customs at Sitka is supposed to enforce this law, but without any facilities or allowances for visiting fishing stations it is practically a dead letter. If cannery men wish, they can barricade the streams, removing the traps when a steamer is sighted, and replacing them when a steamer leaves. A Congressional committee has spent a winter considering some means of protecting Alaska salmon from extinction. It has been proposed to make the whole of Alognak Island a salmon preserve, and forbid any packing or seining on its shore. This late in the day it has dawned upon the authorities controlling Alaska's destinies that the fisheries are so valuable that the government might well reserve all salmon streams and lease the privilege of taking a certain number of fish from them each season. It is also proposed to declare a weekly close season, from Saturday to Monday, and give chance for a fraction of the schools to reach their spawning-grounds, or to prevent all seining and packing in the months of September and October, leaving the fall runs of fish untouched.

The cannery men could not get titles to the ground on which their buildings stood until this year, but now, after eight and ten years' occupancy, they must buy, at the rate of one dollar and a quarter an acre, the one-hundred-and-sixty-acre tracts allowed them. The timber laws have imposed greater absurdities in southeastern Alaska. The lumber for buildings, the slabs for packing-cases, barrel staves, and hoops have usually been brought up from Puget Sound to avoid complication and prosecutions for timber depredations in this densely forested wilderness.

Skilled Chinese do most of the in-door work at the canneries. They are brought up at the beginning of the season in June, and returned in September. The natives at Sitka strongly resented the first importation of such contract labor for the initial cannery, and were only pacified by being assured that the Chinese had come as teachers. Since then there have not been any demonstrations against the Asiatics. The Alaskans fraternize with them, and when seen together in groups there is no question as to the near relationship of these races. Just after the passage of the Exclusion Act there was difficulty in landing the coolies returning from the northern canneries. While Alaska was certainly United States territory, these Chinese had passed through British Columbia waters after leaving it, and the Collectors at San Francisco and on Puget Sound would not allow them to land at first. The business could not be carried on on its present scale, nor with such profit, if this contract labor were not available. While willing and industrious to a degree, the native Alaskan is not to be relied upon. He is notional, independent, and unreliable, and could no more feed tin to a machine from morning to night, and roll out thousands of perfect cans with an automaton's exactness for a season, nor do the sleight-of-hand trimming and filling, than he could fly. If it does not suit him to work he need not starve, as fish and berries, sea-weed, clams, and seal oil are free to all blessed with industrious squaws. In seining and out-of-doors work natives do well, but will often strike or leave in the midst of the run. Three canneries at the end of Lynn Canal ran in sharp rivalry one season, paying as high as fifteen cents for a single salmon, and the Indians became rich. The next year the canneries, having come to their senses, formed a trust, and offered the old prices for salmon. The Indians refused to accept the price—once fifteen cents always fifteen cents—and white fishermen were brought up. The Chilkats, claiming that these whites had no rights in their old fishing-grounds, made much trouble. Twice the man-of-war had to visit the place and threaten the natives with severe punishment if they cut the nets or harmed the cannery men, and peace was barely maintained; while the Chilkat River was seined clean of every fish, and few could be caught at the upper villages where they once packed the river from bank to bank.

In this modern day of government schools, ready-made clothing, and two-dollars-a-day wages, almost the only picturesqueness left to native life is during the salmon runs. Families and tribes betake themselves to their hereditary fishing-grounds to catch and dry their salmon for winter use, and isolated summer camps break the forested shore-line with fine effect. A row of black canoes on the beach, a cluster of bark or matted tents, with frames of drying salmon overhanging the camp-fires, are set between some clear still green water foreground and an abrupt screen of greenest menzie or merton spruces. The racks of fish give touches of high color to the scene, as the further north they are caught the redder the Pacific salmon are, and in Lynn Canal some of these camps look as if decorated with red bunting. All is salmon that comes to the Tlingit, and he makes no distinction between king, red, silver, humpback, or dog salmon, rather preferring, on the whole, the coarse, rank flesh of the last, which no white man wants; hence he rages at the cannery's waste and the destruction of his chief food supply. Since the corrupting touch of trade has even reached their salmon streams, the natives now make permanent summer villages beside the canneries. The men work for the company, and the women and children do a little independent fishing, but more regularly follow the cannery scows and fill their canoes with rejected salmon, as canners use only about a third of all fish seined. Thus, in midsummer, Alaska villages are as empty of their first families as any Eastern city, and the tourists see closed houses, and not a third of the regular inhabitants. Census enumerators work zealously, but vainly, in attempting to count the natives when they are scattered in remotest nooks all over the archipelago, half of them paddling their canoes from



WHALEBONES.

one place to another, and as likely to be counted twice as not at all during the summer.

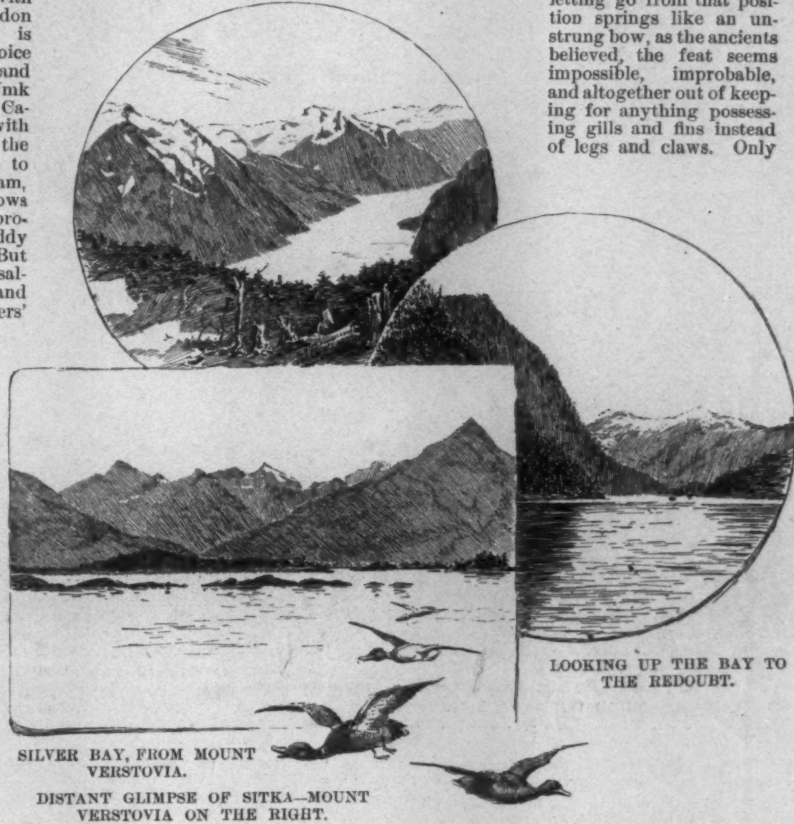
The white man's fisheries are more prosaic, less fragrant, and never picturesque in themselves. One finds the canneries in the furthest nooks and niches of the archipelago, each with a finer landscape setting than the last. There is always a mountain background and a clear brawling stream coming from the dense forest. A long wharf, rectangular buildings with tall smoke-stacks and stove-pipes, a log house or two, and an Indian camp straggling down the beach constitute the oft-repeated picture. In the watery foreground are the boats, the canoes, and the huge reels or frames on which the nets are kept. Scow-loads of fish are arriving, and men toss them upon the lathed floors at high tide, or load them on trucks that are hoisted and rolled in on railway tracks at low tide. The salmon are handled with gaff-hooks, and his fishship goes through the processes so rapidly and automatically that in an hour after being tossed from the boat he may be sealed in tins, boxed, and waiting on the end of the same wharf for shipment below; but no backward turn of the machine can replace him in the water. A Chinaman seizes a fish, and in two seconds trims and cleans it, and in the same automatic, sleight-of-hand way other Chinamen wash and cut it into sections, fill the cans, solder, boil, test, vent, resolder, lacquer, label, and pack in boxes. The tin is taken up in sheets, and the cans are made on the spot, and ingenious machines punch out, roll, fit, and stamp with more intelligence and sentient skill than the apathetic automatons who feed them. An endless procession of tin cans rolls down an inclined plane, their edges touching a little gutter of melted solder that closes them air-tight. A great tray full of cans is sunk in a vat of boiling water or a steam-chest for a half-hour, and then with a tap of the finger the Chinaman can tell if the contents are sound and air-tight, or if it is necessary to pierce them again to vent the steam.

Alaska cannery men and professional fishermen spend little time over fine differences and distinctions of species. Is it a good canning fish that is red-fleshed? and is there enough of it? are their only questions. Fashions in salmon change, and regardless of flavor; far-away consumers and middle-men will have none of the pack if the contents of the tins are not the deepest red, the most intense salmon-color. The king, the humpback, and the silver salmon are all of better flavor than the cannery men's favorite red salmon—a salmon so firm and tough that it can lie for a day in the cannery without deteriorating. In view of this senseless whim, who doubts but that some shrewd one will find a way of coloring and hardening the flesh of the other varieties, and the consumer may eat dyed salmon with dyed butter-sauce if he will!

Cannery men do not use the Russian names of the species accepted by scientists for *Oncorhynchus*, the Pacific salmon—*O. gorbuscha* (humpback), *O. keta* (dog), *O. kisutch* (silver), *O. nerka* (red), *O. chouicha* (king); nor do they talk of parrs, smolts, samlets, grilse, or kelt to distinguish the age or condition of a salmon. A salmon is always a salmon to them, save in its youth, when it is so often taken for a trout; but from the writhing heaps of thousands of fish drawn in a single haul of the seine, these fishermen can quickly detect the undesirable species, and the individual ones that have begun "to dog," or deteriorate, in fresh-water.

All these hook-jawed Pacific salmon are prodigally blest with names, the king or *chouicha* being the quinnat in the Columbia River, the Chinook and the taku further north, yet called the *tyee* wherever Chinook is spoken. Averaging forty and fifty pounds in Oregon, he increases to one hundred pounds and more in the Yukon, and Petroff tells of king salmon five and six feet in length swimming more than a thousand miles up that river. The king salmon is too pale for present fashion, and swimming in pairs and not in great schools in the small rivers of southeastern Alaska, is not the sole pack of any cannery. In the future, when science has taught the cannery men how to put more red corpuscles in the tyee's body, and the Yukon is the last great salmon stream left, the king will have his reign again.

O. nerka, so deservedly called the red salmon, is the blue-back in Oregon, the sockeye in British Columbia, and has a different name with different tribes of Indians. Compared with the others he is an uninteresting fish. He only averages six to ten pounds in weight, and is a poor jumper, but he swarms by hundreds of thousands up chosen inlets, and his velvety bluish-green back is his one mark of beauty. *O. kisutch*, the silver salmon, is the charmer, shimmering with fine pale scales, dotted with minute rainbow specks, a restless, graceful creature, who springs from the water, arches himself in air in still reaches, and leaps falls with an agility and abandon indescribable. He is fastidious in his choice of clearest waters, and swimming up the Umk River from Boehm Canal side by side with king salmon, he of the silver livery turns to the first clear stream, while the tyee swallows glacial débris and proceeds through muddy waters far inland. But the delicious silver salmon is pale in flesh and unfit for the canners' use within a few hours after death. *O. gorbuscha*, his humpback brother, is paler still, cooks soft in cans, and is scorned at canneries, although of the finest flavor. But *gorbuscha* can outjump everything else in scales, and although he is small, from five to ten pounds weight, he is most abundant of all species. It is *gorbuscha* who chiefly packs the streams until no one can wade through or pull a boat over the serried backs, and when he can be soaked in some solution to intensify his color and harden his substance, as a photographer does his negatives, there will be millions for the cannery men, but a short shrift for the high-shouldered, gayly leaping *gorbuscha*.



LOOKING UP THE BAY TO THE REDOUBT.

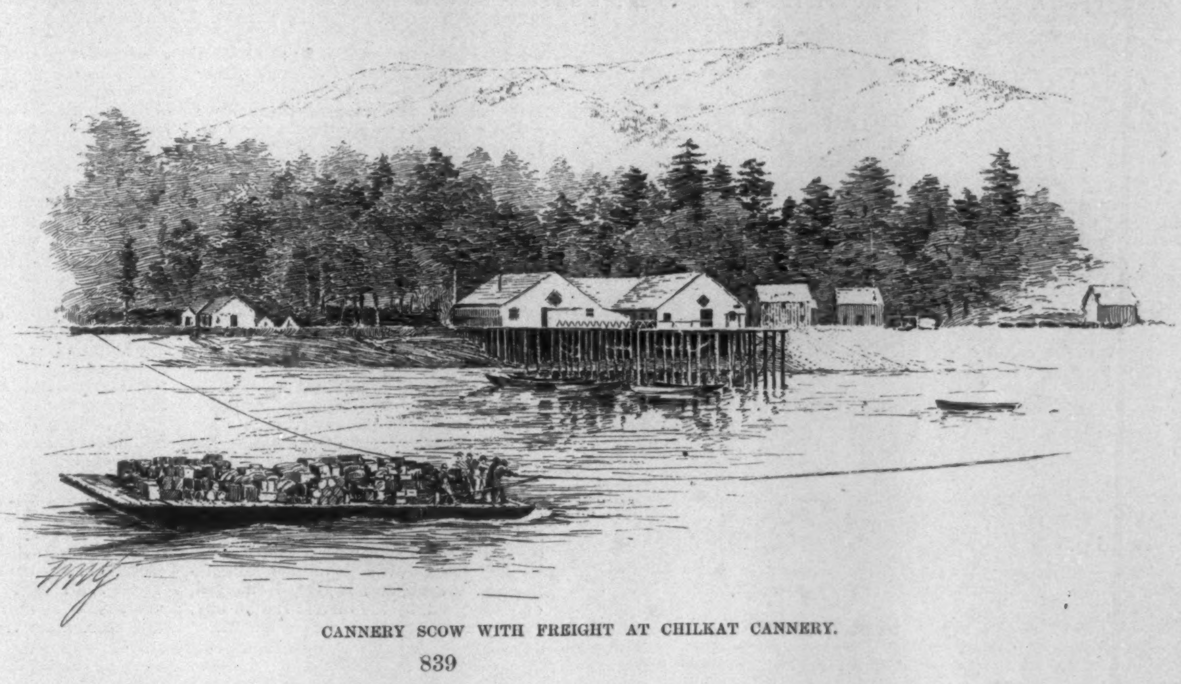
SILVER BAY, FROM MOUNT VERSTOVIA.

DISTANT GLIMPSE OF SITKA—MOUNT VERSTOVIA ON THE RIGHT.

When the young salmon leaves his fresh-water birthplace he does nothing strange or unusual. He goes down to the sea with the high waters in spring, descending falls and rapids tail first, that he may steer the way, and seeing the fresh-water world with little exertion of his own. In a couple of years he comes back with an excursion party of thousands. That these country-bred fish should so determinedly return to the glades and dells, the wildwood streams and mountain-girt lakes of their infancy, millions making for fresh-water in one grand rush, is as curious as any of the freaks and habits of human beings. At the end of April, or in May, when the herring have ceased to silver the water by day, and light it with myriad flames at night, the first king salmon ascend to the spawning-grounds. In June the red salmon swarm. The silver salmon appear at the end of that month, and both are seined until the end of August. During the latter month the humpbacks do their ground and lofty tumbling, and in September the tyee makes another run from the sea. The steelhead salmon (Gairdner's trout) comes in July and August, and although it cooks a little soft in cans, is packed at many canneries under the name of speckled salmon. From the middle of June to early September is the busy season for the packers. The fresh-water episode in the life of these salt-water denizens continues no longer for their profit, and in that first month with an "R" in it the canneries close; fishermen and fishes go their separate ways.

While the Atlantic salmon (*S. salar*) is so specifically entitled "the leaper," the Pacific salmon can equal any of his saltatory feats. Alaskans are ready to match their silver and humpback high-jumpers against Dr. Landmark's Norwegian salmon that jumped sixteen feet to the tip of a fall in the Drams River. That the salmon jumps at all is so amazing that no more wonder could be excited by his springing sixteen or sixty feet than his leaping six feet in air up the perpendicular front of a fall. Whether he takes his tail in his mouth and rolls up like a cart wheel, or by letting go from that position springs like an unstrung bow, as the ancients believed, the feat seems impossible, improbable, and altogether out of keeping for anything possessing gills and fins instead of legs and claws. Only seeing can convince one of the amazingness of the feat. Whether the salmon leaps in the inlets to see the way, to admire the scenery, to get his bearings to the stream leading to his birthplace, or merely for practice for his great fresh-water feats none can say. Often one may watch the leap, splash, leap, splash of a salmon and a pursuing dog-fish down some narrow channel, each one rising far out of water, and darting six to ten feet through the air with each jump, until the two leap nearer and nearer together, the salmon falling more heavily each time, and an eddy and a few bubbles tell that the contest is over.

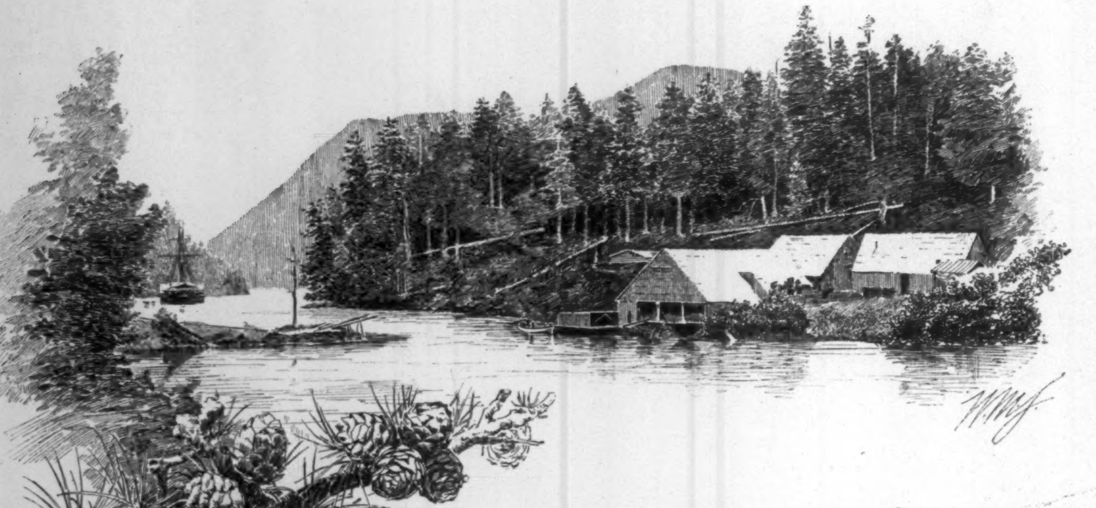
The Alaska salmon is not frightened away by man; in fact, there is seldom room for him to turn away



CANNERY SCOW WITH FREIGHT AT CHILKAT CANNERY.

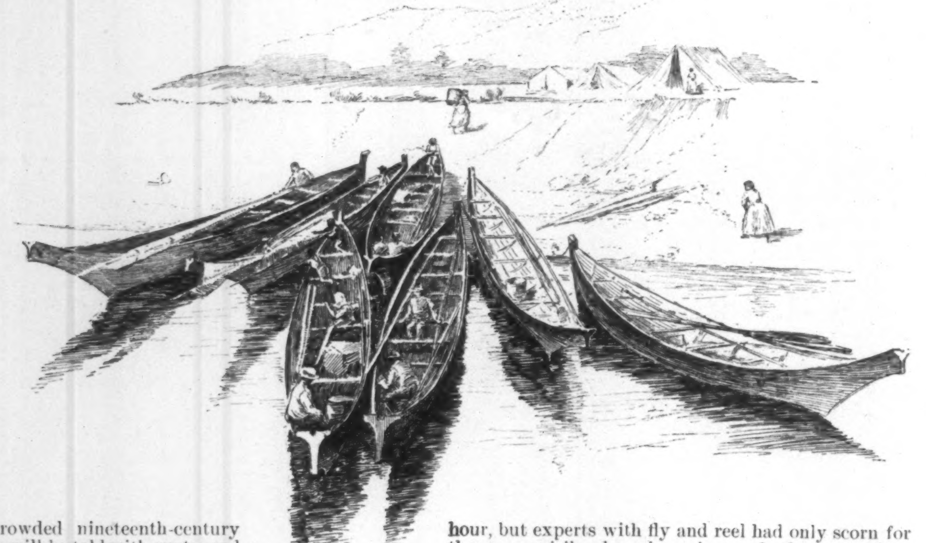
from the edge of pools where man may stand to watch him. The cheers and hand-clapping that may follow one successful leap will not deter other fish from jumping, and a foaming fall shot with dark meteors of fish is the most exciting neighborhood I know. The amateur photographer vainly essays to snap the leaper; but to have steamer day, a salmon stream, the salmon run, sunlight, and a favoring tide combine is too much to expect. Some one condition is always wanting; and only Ensign Niblack, U.S.N., while on coast-survey duty in southeastern Alaska, is known to have succeeded in catching the salmon in the act of leaping, and added this negative to his other extraordinary snap-shots of the spouting whale and the flying eagle.

One can sit by the hour in the cool breath of some deafening fall and watch one dark object after another shoot up the column of foam, a swiftly moving object with a blur of fins. But for the noise of the water I am convinced that the whiz of the rapidly fanning fins could be heard, and the salmon flies as a bird with its own water-wings, and springs like a cat or a kangaroo with every muscle of the body. A fish often strikes the column of water sidewise and is hurled back into the pool, or it dashes blindly against the rocks and falls back. If it strikes the fall nose on, it can ascend it with a last bound or switch of its tail, and swim away through that smooth dark-green curl of water at the lip of a fall, where no paddler can hold a canoe, nor any athlete thrust an oar with all his strength. One could even expect to see an Alaska salmon stem the current in a hydraulic mining pipe and swim to the end of a flume. I have seen the humpback salmon at Kichikan leap from the crowded pool and start up a little side stream trickling between and barely covering the rocks, the fish literally climbing over the dry sharp ledges in the open air for distances of six to ten feet. Wedged in corners of the rocks, exhausted in the long struggle in air, many die; but others gain the pool and float away triumphant, but wounded and exhausted by such unnatural efforts. A compassionate young man who once undertook to rescue such insane salmon, to fling them by their tails into the higher pool, found himself the centre of a flying fountain, and grappling with slippery leviathans with muscle equal to his own.

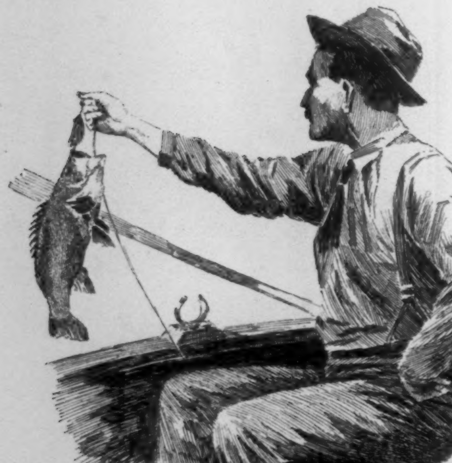

END OF NAHA BAY.
From a Photograph by Partridge, Boston.

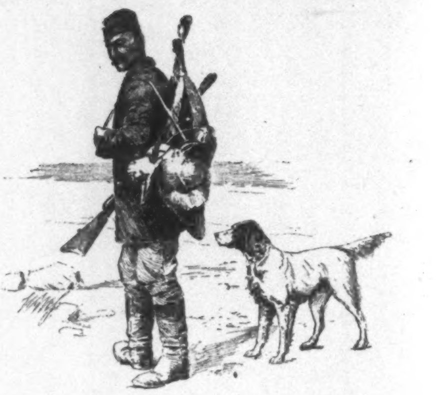
One can hardly believe in the abundance of the Pacific salmon without seeing them, and whether estimated by their numbers or their cubic feet, statements fail to picture the scenes that are so common. The living salmon can change the very landscape, and I have seen the placid reaches of Naha Bay and Tongass Narrows all asplash with thousands of leaping fish, the water glittering with flying drops like the silver apron of the Yosemite magnified and repeated many times. The deep, intensely green pool at the end of Naha Bay is often lead-color where the gray backs of the fish are packed together so closely that a boat cannot be rowed across, and the seine cast there has brought ten thousand salmon ashore at once. Salmon often can be shovelled ashore with a canoe paddle, and I have seen them lifted ashore with boat-hooks, and once in Tongass Narrows lifted with the hand, the captor carefully hooking his finger in the gills instead of the jaws furnished with such formidable teeth.

At such places the tourist who has brought his salmon rod and flies keeps as still about it as the tourist who has brought a bicycle, or a riding-habit to Alaska, for where is the sport of playing with one fish when there are thousands of them, or acres, or hundreds of solid cubic feet of salmon in sight? When one may see jumping salmon all around him, and hear the splash of schools miles in length, the records of Restigouche and Godbout anglers are not of moment. In the next century, when the Alaska salmon becomes nearly extinct, he may be listed as a game fish. The sites of abandoned canneries may be eagerly sought for club-houses, and the privilege of fishing such streams leased at high rates. Then the tales of crowded nineteenth-century pools will be told with gusto, and tradition lend its charm to the wilderness now unstoried and unsung.


CANOES.

It is a matter of fixed belief with most Eastern anglers that *Oncorhynchus* will not take the fly at all; but he does. Those wise Columbia River salmon who refused the British admiral's fly a century ago were intelligent and cunning enough to secure us the Oregon territory by that politic course, but since then Columbia River salmon have often snapped at an angler's fly. In the Clackamas pools in Oregon the salmon do regularly leap for a coachman, and even took Rudyard Kipling's fly and gave him royal battle. Alaska salmon may be lured in the same way, and sceptics have had twenty-pound salmon make off with the light line cast for a trout. *Oncorhynchus* will take the spoon as well, and on a certain canoe trip in Sitka Harbor a fair fishwife threw out her spoon and had only given the line a few tugs when a salmon was hooked. A Restigouche angler would have wept to see the string pulled in, and the huge silvery fish jerked out of water and slapped fairly on the shoulder of the troller in front of her. *Oncorhynchus* has gobbled bait also, and been drawn up by a hand-line as ignominiously as any tomcod or flounder. He is speared with a graceful trident by Indians, who lie on an overhanging log or rock, and is gigged, snagged, or gaffed out by the merest Indian boy, and by no means leads a charmed life.

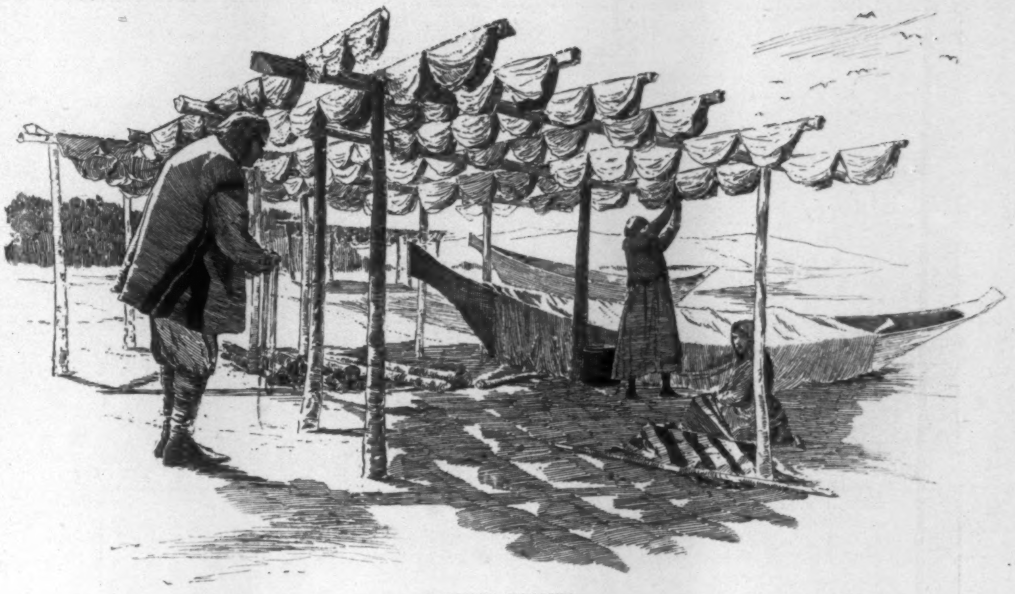

SEA-BASS.


HUNTER BRINGING A MOUNTAIN-GOAT INTO CAMP

The cannery men pay no heed to anything but salmon, and the manager of one of the largest packing establishments wrote in answer to official questions concerning other fish in his neighborhood that he did not know about any other than salmon, "but thought there were many other kinds, such as halibut, codfish, and herrings." At another cannery the manager was quite sure that there were no trout in the lake back of him, and was astonished when the persistent one returned in an hour with sixty pounds of trout lured by his poorest fly. Trout abound in all these mountain streams and lakes, and the *malma*, the Dolly Varden, or salmon-trout, are everywhere. They follow the salmon in from the sea to devour their eggs, and anything with a bit of salmon roe on the end of it will hook a fine fish. The rudest and simplest of tackle will do for salmon-trout—even a closed umbrella has served as a fishing-rod—and nothing can frighten these olive-backed, rainbow, and speckled beauties of two-and-fifty pounds weight away from a dangling bait. I once assisted at a fishing party on Prince of Wales Island where four lines brought up 110 salmon-trout in an hour, but experts with fly and reel had only scorn for those so noisily plumping pieces of salmon roe into the water and pulling up fish with hand-lines.

The halibut fishery must in time become a great Alaskan industry. Halibut banks occur throughout the archipelago, and the Indians have many camps placed purposely for their nearness to the halibut grounds. The pursuit of this monster draws most upon native arts and industries, and the hooks, lines, and clubs are most ingeniously contrived and elaborately decorated. Halibut lines are made of lengths of the giant kelp (*nereocystis*), which often grows to a length of 300 feet in tide-swept channels. Soaked and bleached in fresh-water, it is stretched, dried, and smoked until it is as firm as leather but pliable as silk. The large halibut-hooks are cut from the heart of spruce or cedar roots, for the halibut is said to detect the taste of resin, and the hook as well as the heavy club is carved with the owner's totem and other significant devices. With such tackle the angler manages to land 100 and even 200 pounders with ease, and exceptional halibut of 500 pounds have been recorded. At a few canneries and salteries all the halibut are packed that the Indians chance to bring in, but at no place is the halibut made the important article of export that it deserves to be, as all such places are closed in the winter and spring, when halibut are most plentiful.

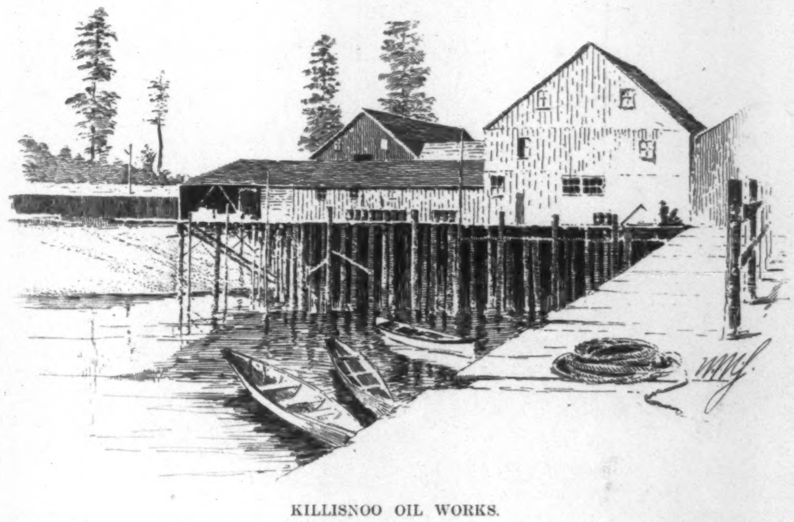
At Killisnoo factory on Chatham Strait a little halibut is packed each year, but the chief business is the manufacture of herring oil and fish guano. It was first established at a shore station for whale-fishing. Codfish were packed for a while, but in later years attention has been given entirely to oil and fertilizer. The little island of Kenasnow has been cleared of timber in these ten years, and tall spikes of fireweed crimson the clearings with acres of solid color. There is a chapel of the Greek Church and a government school-house on the bluff above the oil-works and the Indian village; and under the discipline of



SALMON FRAMES.

the old chief, Saginaw Jake, the 300 warlike Kootznahoos are the most docile and industrious of people. The neatness and order of a military post prevail at the factory, and it is the model industrial establishment in the archipelago. Even the coal piles are evenly laid, symmetrically truncated pyramids, and the agent's garden contains an orderly regiment of strawberry plants that could take prizes at a New Jersey fair. Divided between loyalty to the Territory and faith in the superior qualities of his fertilizer, the manager will not decide whether it is mostly the Alaska climate or the Killisnoo guano which produces such berries. One hundred and fifty thousand gallons of herring oil are manufactured each year, and the dried and ground refuse furnishes 1000 tons of guano. The same methods and machinery are used as in the menhaden fisheries on the Atlantic coast, and workmen from a menhaden factory trained the force at Killisnoo. The herring are seined in the fall and winter, when schools of them silver Chatham Strait for miles, and darting porpoises, circling gulls, and eagles give warning of their presence. From 300 to 600 barrels of herring are usually netted at single hauls, but often 1000 barrels have been seined at once, and in Sitka Harbor 1500 barrels of fish tested the single net. The catch is gathered in scows, and steam-launches tow them to the factory. The company has 100 employés, and incidentally packs several hundred barrels of salted salmon, salted herring, cod, and halibut each year.

Codfish are abundant in Chatham Strait and all along the archipelago's shores. For a time 8000 to 10,000 cod were brought to this factory daily by Indian fishermen, who were paid two and three cents apiece for each fish. Dried cod and a small quantity of cod-liver oil were then a part of the Killisnoo exports, but unless undertaken on a larger scale, with white or Chinese fishermen, this small station could not well compete with the Shumagin Island codfish trade maintained by two large fish houses of San Francisco. The codfish banks of the North Pacific are only partly surveyed or known, but within the few seasons devoted to the work by the fish-commission steamer *Albatross*, over 10,000 square miles of such fishing-banks lying east and south of the Aleutian chain have been surveyed and mapped. The cod banks of the western ocean exceed in area those of the Atlantic. All that upper end of the North Pacific between the Sitkan Archipelago and the Aleutian chain is bordered with cod banks, and in Bering Sea they also follow the general trend of the coast. A few Gloucester fishermen rounded Cape Horn and came to these banks a few years ago, and during last year the pack of Shumagin cod amounted to more than a half-million dollars in value. This industry is in its beginning now, but promises to exceed that of the Atlantic when more fishermen and better methods are employed, and mail facilities and regular communication induce and permit fishermen to make permanent settlements on the islands. Reciprocity secures the Alaska cod a wider and better market in South America, and there is no need for American fishing fleets to seek the Newfoundland banks.



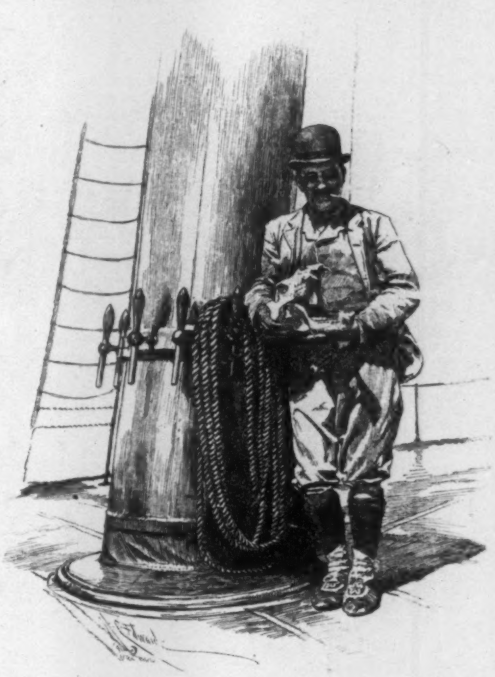
KILLISNOO OIL WORKS.

The valuable whales have about all disappeared from the North Pacific. Bering and Okhotsk seas no longer contain them, and the Arctic Ocean is the only recognized whaling-ground left. There are but fifty whalers now afloat in the western ocean, while a half-century ago there were six hundred of such ships. There are ten steam-vessels in this fleet, and the rest are relics—ancient barks and brigs that date from the long ago, are seldom insured, and with difficulty secure crews.

The captain and crew go on shares, or are paid a percentage of the season's catch, and six or eight whales will credit the former with four or five thousand dollars, and the sailors with a couple of hundred dollars each. For three seasons one of the whalers has not secured a single whale, while one crew captured twenty-one whales in the summer of 1891.

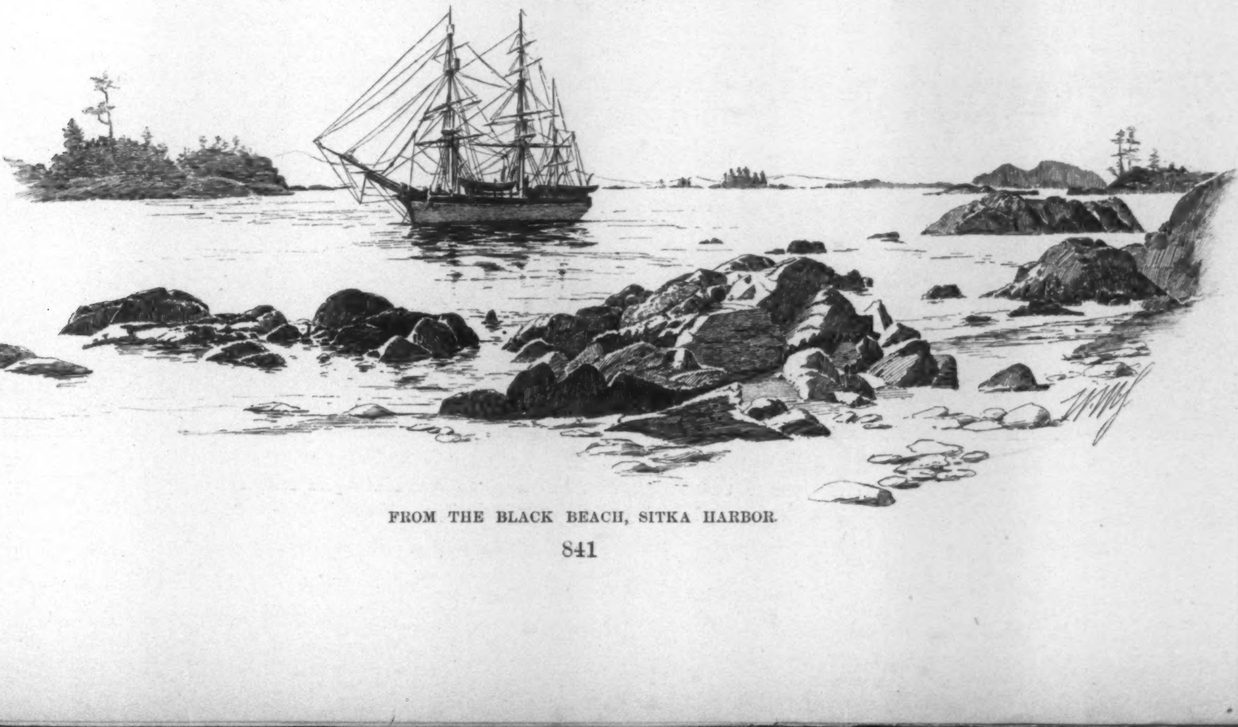
In 1891 Sitka was surprised by the visit of a whaler, the first in the many years since the Fairweather Grounds off Mount St. Elias were abandoned. This ship had sailed in March for that old ground, but off Prince William Sound nine right whales were taken in eight days, and a tenth had been wounded when the bark grounded in a fog, unshipped and broke the rudder. It then worked its way to Sitka, and for a fortnight gave a new interest to the life of that quiet capital. There had been time to clean and slightly deodorize the ship during its sail into port, and it fell disappointingly short of the traditional whaler. But it was interesting to visit it, and have the cheerful mate show pieces of whalebone six and seven feet in length stacked up like cord-wood; to see the boats, harpoons, knives, and tackle, and the huge vats in the brick furnace on deck where the mountains of blubber are tried out. But the blubber and oil are little regarded in this day, as whalebone at six dollars a pound is the most valuable part of the monster. Catching their whales so fast, this crew had not time to cut up one whale before another was sighted, and the hold was filled with the blubber of the first whale while they were busy harpooning and cutting the bone from the later catches. They had only 430 barrels of oil, and the tongue of one whale yielded thirteen of those barrels. From nine whales there came 10,000 pounds of bone. When one whale was harpooned the line became entangled, the whale-boat was drawn down under the water, dragged for a long distance, and one sailor drowned. The mate wore his reindeer-skin jacket on those piping July days at Sitka, and with the thermometer at 86° he visibly melted in his greasy coat. The fat carpenter, who hammered at the huge rudder-post as it lay on deck, a still huger and greasier negro sailor, and certain wild-looking Kanakas of the crew were interesting subjects for sketches; but when we climbed down the short rope-ladder to the boat, and pushed off from the black worm-eaten ship, with moss-grown lines along the planks to mark where oakum had once been, it was a wonder that the $60,000 cargo was intrusted to it.

Whales of inferior species may be seen sporting all along the inside channels of the northwest coast. Prince Frederick Sound is a breeding-ground of whales, and in Chatham Strait, Sitka Sound, and other reaches where the herring swarm, the whales are always spouting. Ten years ago the Killisnoo station succeeded well with the whale-fishery until the explosion of a bomb-harpoon in a boat killed the great medicine-man of the Kootznahoos. An Indian war

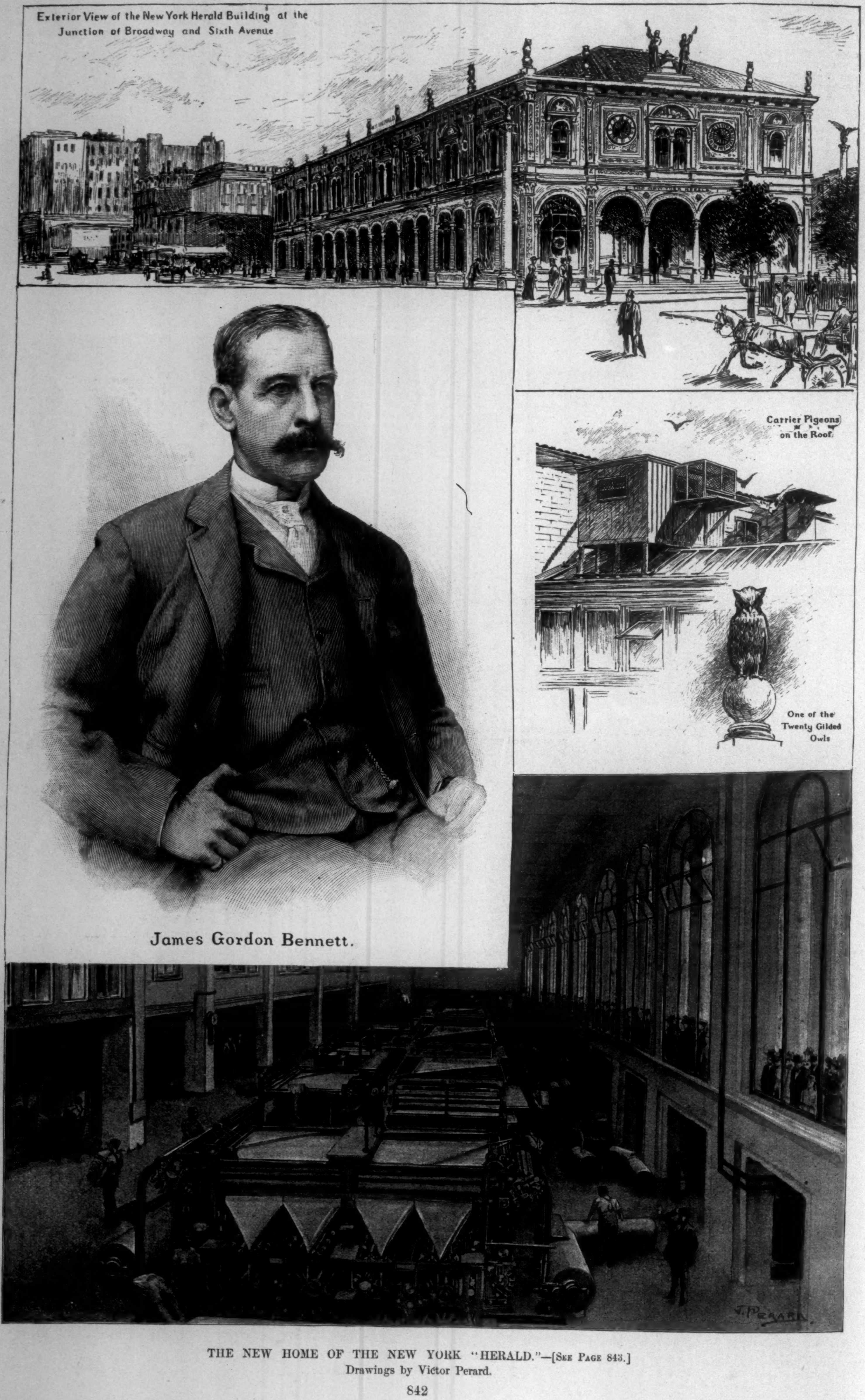


SIR RICHARD MUSGRAVE WITH SKULL OF GRIZZLY.

(*Continued on page 846.*)



FROM THE BLACK BEACH, SITKA HARBOR.


Exterior View of the New York Herald Building at the Junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue
Carrier Pigeons on the Roof
One of the Twenty Gilded Owls
James Gordon Bennett.
V. PERARD

THE NEW HOME OF THE NEW YORK "HERALD."—[SEE PAGE 843.]
Drawings by Victor Perard.

"THE MERMAID'S SONG."

THE light comes up and the light goes down,
While the moonbeams hide behind the frown
Of the murky clouds that swiftly glide
Above the spot where the boats are tied—
The boats that rock on the billows long,
In time with the mermaid's changeful song.
'Tis a weirdish tone and vengeful rhyme
To which the fishery boats keep time;
Now rising high in an angry wail,
Then sinking low through the hissing gale,
The maddened tones of the sea-nymph rise
O'er coral reefs where the white-cap dies.
"They have stormed my realm and borne away
The fairest pearl from my store this day.
Girl of the land, thy lover hath made
A jewel rare for thy shining braid;
But he who robbed my rocky keep
Shall down in the plundered casket sleep.
For my seaweed strong shall twine around
The limbs that no more will lightly bound
Over breakers wide, or nimbly spring
To rocks where my rare possessions cling."
Now the strains grow loud and wild and fierce,
And her cries the cloudy heavens pierce;
As afar they reach o'er foam and spray
In quivering shrieks, then die away,
With her tresses black she beats the wave,
Then plunges down to the mighty grave
Where ghastly skull and whitening bone
Lie still 'neath the water's monotone.
Reclining now on a couch of moss,
She smiles as the ripples o'er her toss;
And viewing the gleaming bones and skulls,
Mutters: "I wait till the fury lulls.
Let the waves go mad above my head,
I'll rest me here till they bring more dead;
Perhaps rare gems that were borne away
Will come again to the crystal spray,
With their shells torn off, and bound in gold,
To gleam in halls of the sea's stronghold.
I had not thought that a string as bright
As one that clasped on a wedding-night
A throat as fair and daintily set
As ever the eye of landsman met,
Would come again from the further shore
To gladden my eyes and heart once more.
Yet there they hang on that coral bough,
While the bride—her bones are lying now
In that corner dark among the shells,
Where many a grim sea-monster dwells.
And near them are ingots brought to me
From the brown maid's lands beyond the sea;
Fine Indian wares and works of art
Are lying here in the ocean's heart;
And buried deep in the sands below
The place where our fiercest tempests blow
Are mighty works from the men of old—
And these, all these, do my caverns hold.
Then toss, ye waves, the struggling ship;
Bid ploughing hull through your yawning slip;
With gleaming treasures from far-off lands,
On daintiest throat or fair white hands,
Send lover and maid below to sleep
In coral cells of my ocean keep.

E. ESTELLE A. MCNAUGHTON.

THE NEW YORK "HERALD" AND ITS NEW HOME.

BY JAMES CREELMAN.

NOTHING in the career of James Gordon Bennett so accurately expresses his leadership of uncommercial journalism as the beautiful Italian palace at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, which was occupied by the New York *Herald* on August 20th. This is his reply to the newspaper proprietors who have erected giant office buildings, in which the editorial forces occupy garrets and the pressmen are crowded into dark cellars. Architecturally, the new home of the *Herald* is a rebuke to the utilitarianism of the American metropolis, an appeal for something better than sky-scraping ugliness.

If there is one thing more than another on which the proprietor of the *Herald* is determined, it is that his paper shall never get into a rut, and for several years he has looked upon downtownism as the greatest of all journalistic ruts. Printing-house Square is too far away from the centre of life. The *Herald* must follow the people. It is an original and daring step, for the organization and business of a great newspaper are so nicely adjusted to its neighborhood that when Mr. Bennett first announced his intention of moving the *Herald* more than three miles away from its present site, nobody believed him to be in earnest. The *Herald* now declares itself to be independent of neighborhoods and fearless of the result. And the influence which a vast newspaper establishment exerts upon its immediate surroundings may be judged by the fact that as soon as the new *Herald* site was made public, the price of real estate in that part of New York advanced thirty per cent.

The new *Herald* building covers a trapezoidal plot of ground formerly occupied by the armory of the Seventy-first Regiment. Its extreme dimensions are about two hundred feet long and a hundred and forty feet wide. The structure consists of two stories and an attic. It is a little more than fifty feet high.

This splendid example of pure Italian Renaissance has been so skilfully adapted by the architects that it meets all the practical requirements of a newspaper office without losing a single line of beauty. Externally, it is an exquisite palace; internally, it is an almost perfect workshop. Art and science are blended and exhausted in this wonderful combination. The *Herald* is now without a rival in the convenience and close relationship of the varied departments necessary to produce a metropolitan newspaper, and in the completeness of its apparatus for interior communication and variety of mechanical resources.

There is a note of refinement and elegance in the architecture that breathes through the whole design. It is, perhaps, too conservative, but that is a fault rarely discovered in American art, and may be welcomed. The low façades, with their delicate, pure ornamentation, horizontal accents and sheltering arcades, enriched by dainty column and arch, the unbroken roof of red tiles and the simple doorways, devoid of garish symbolism, all speak eloquently of the spirit that prompted this innovation. But the advantage which the building has in its isolated position is somewhat marred by the presence of the grimy elevated railway, which has a tendency to dwarf its proportions. The banal and ridiculous Dodge statue, which stands about sixty feet in front of the main entrance, is another inharmonious element.

On the Broadway and Sixth Avenue sides are arcades extending along three-quarters of the building's length, behind rows of polished columns that support graceful arches whose function is purely ornamental, as the load of the outer line is borne by iron floor girders resting upon the inner main wall. These arcades are separated from the interior of the structure by a series of arched plate-glass windows, through which hundreds of spectators can watch the interesting operations in the immense press-room and the stereotyping department. The fascinating rush and whir of men and machinery late at night, when the place is ablaze with electric light, and the entire mechanical force is straining to get the paper printed in time for the early trains, will be one of the notable sights of New York, while around the edge of the roof a row of twenty gilded owls will wink electric eyes at regular intervals by a mechanical device connected with the clock set in a rose-window, the twin window being occupied by a wind-dial. Above the roof cornice over the main entrance, and in a line with the sentinel owls, will be two great bronze statues standing with uplifted hammers on either side of a ponderous bell. The mechanism of the clock will automatically cause the giants to strike the hours with resounding blows upon the bell, after the fashion of the famous clock machinery of St. Mark's Square. This bronze group is the work of distinguished French sculptors, but it will not be ready for its place for months. The presence of the owls is explained by the fact that the owl is a jolly fetich of Mr. Bennett's, and is to be seen in every part of his private establishment — stuffed owls, bronze owls, painted owls, iron owls—on his yachts, his carriages, his note-paper, his coaches in various parts of France, and in his many residences. The bird that is awake and alert when all else is asleep is not a bad emblem for the *Herald*.

The exterior of the building is principally of pale terra-cotta, and the flat spaces are filled in with pirolith, which closely resembles marble, but is to be preferred because of its adaptability to withstand heat and cold. The general effect is that produced by the Renaissance stucco-work of mediæval Italy. The color scheme is, in this respect, absolutely perfect, no tone being too pronounced.

Three arches constituted the main entrance, but as one of the supporting shafts stood in the way of the actual door of the counting-room, the obstructing pillar had to be removed, and two of the arches blended into a single flat arch. The counting-room is superb. Twelve splendid columns of Pavonezza marble support the ceiling, with its delicate traceries of white and gold, from which depends a fine chandelier. The moulded cases of the columns are of white Vermont marble. The floor is of mosaic, and the wainscoting of the spacious room is of Pavonezza marble. In order to preserve the unity of tone, all the furniture and fittings of the counting-room are worked out in white mahogany.

From this resplendent hall which is occupied by the business department, with a corner allotted to the Commercial Cable Company, a flight of stairs bordered with white statuary marble leads to the second story. Here is the main hall. Around it are grouped Mr. Bennett's office, his private room and bath-room, the reception-room for visitors; the office of Mr. Howland, general manager; the auditor's room and editorial council-room, a circular apartment decorated in white and gold. The appointments of the executive headquarters are of the costliest but simplest character. Each of these rooms opens into the other, and all are connected by doors with the main hall.

Two corridors penetrate the second floor from the main hall to the Thirty-sixth Street side or rear of the building. Along these corridors are arranged the spacious and convenient rooms of the editors, reporters, and out-of-town correspondents whose journals enjoy the privileges of the *Herald* establishment. The editorial and city departments of the *Evening Telegram* are also on this floor. A central court is arranged so that every room is full of light. The corridor on the Broadway side ends in a vast room intended for the army of reporters, while the corridor on the Sixth Avenue side leads to the well-equipped library. Between is the office of the night editor, who is in charge of the *Herald* at the moment it goes to press, and the telegraph room, into which messages will come direct on special wires from all parts of the country.

Here is the index department—a unique feature, for a copy of which many thousands of dollars were refused—containing two and a half millions of entries describing news in the *Herald*, with date, page, and column indicated. It took two expert men working night and day for about thirty years to build up the index system, which covers virtually everything printed in the *Herald* since its foundation. There are more than four thousand entries relating to General Grant alone; and the references to Mr. Cleveland outnumber all others. The index is alphabetical, geographical, and topical. There are now three index editors. In connection with this department are the bound newspaper files, more than a thousand volumes ranged in locked cases. There is a skeleton of the index in the editorial rooms of the Paris edition of the *Herald*. In addition to the news index there is an index of ten thousand illustrations, and pigeon-holes containing thousands of obituaries, ready for use when the subjects die. The library numbered eleven thousand books, but the least useful volumes have been weeded out within the last few weeks.

There are three hundred iron frames for the compositors in the enormous room on the third floor under the sharply slanting roof, and this is lit entirely by the central court. Five Mergenthaler linotype machines, driven by electric motors, are on the Broadway side. But in addition to the composing-room—a remarkable sight in its way—there are twelve other apartments on this floor, among them the art department, electric-light photograph-room, restaurant, kitchen, and matrix-room.

But the glory of the new *Herald* building is in its press-room and power plant, which stand in full view of the public. This wonderful system of machinery is interchangeably operated by steam or electricity. Two huge black-marble switch-boards, glittering with brass levers, control the electric force. When steam-power is undesirable, the huge dynamos are brought into play, and when everything else fails, a turn of the wrist connects the operating mechanism with the electric-lighting mains in the street. In this way there can be no failure in the press-work or lighting apparatus. No matter what breakdown occurs, the *Herald* will be printed on time. There are ten electric motors. The capacity of this department is illustrated by the fact that there are more than eighteen hundred sixteen-candle-power lights in the establishment, not to speak of the various electric elevators and ventilating fans.

Of the eight massive presses two are intended to print in four colors, after the manner of the Paris *Figaro Illustré*. Each press prints two colors simultaneously. The *Herald's* immense press, which turns out more than sixty thousand copies an hour, will be on the Thirty-sixth Street side. It is the most improved and productive printing machine in the world. The press-room has an aggregate capacity of a little above two hundred and eighty thousand sheets an hour. Ink is pumped from a tank in the vaults under the sidewalk to the fountains of the presses. The whole course of the white paper is in full view from the street, as it spins from the damp rolls in continuous webs, flashes between the whirling cylinders, turns, reverses, enters the marvellous folding apparatus, and finally appears pasted, folded, counted, and ready for delivery. The machinery is so exquisitely adjusted on its rock foundation that there is scarcely a vibration to be noticed when the whole mechanical department is in full swing. No other press-room approaches this one in the perfection of its equipment and the swift interchangeability of its various parts. The lightness and airiness of the space, and the orderly, logical arrangement of the engines, motors, and presses, all combine to make this part of the *Herald* establishment a model for the world. The lower floor is so broken that while the press-room consists largely of the basement and ground-story thrown into a single lofty hall, the delivery-room and stereotyping departments are on a level with the street, one on the Thirty-sixth Street side and the other on the Sixth Avenue side. The stereotype metal is melted in sight of the public in two huge pots, over which hangs a metal hood to carry off the hot air, by means of an electric fan, in the exhaust duct. Five casting-boxes are arranged in a semicircle in front of the melting-pot, so that the whole process of casting the shining plates from which the paper actually takes its impressions can be seen in all its detail by outsiders.

A remarkable part of the new *Herald* system is the apparatus for communication within the building. Seven lines of pneumatic tubes carry advertisements, news, and editorial copy and proofs to and from all parts of the establishment. Conversation can be carried on between persons on different floors and in different rooms on the same floor through speaking-tubes and by means of a really notable independent telephone system of seventeen stations, any one of which can connect with any other without the aid of an operator. There are twenty-seven lines of speaking-tubes so conveniently placed that the head of any department can communicate directly with any other department.

There is a large coop filled with fine carrier-pigeons over the well-hole in the central court. It is proposed to reserve these aerial messengers for extraordinary occasions.

Notwithstanding the net-work of electric wires that connects the *Herald* with the rest of the civilized world, it is likely that some great news announcement may be brought to the office under the wing of a pigeon.

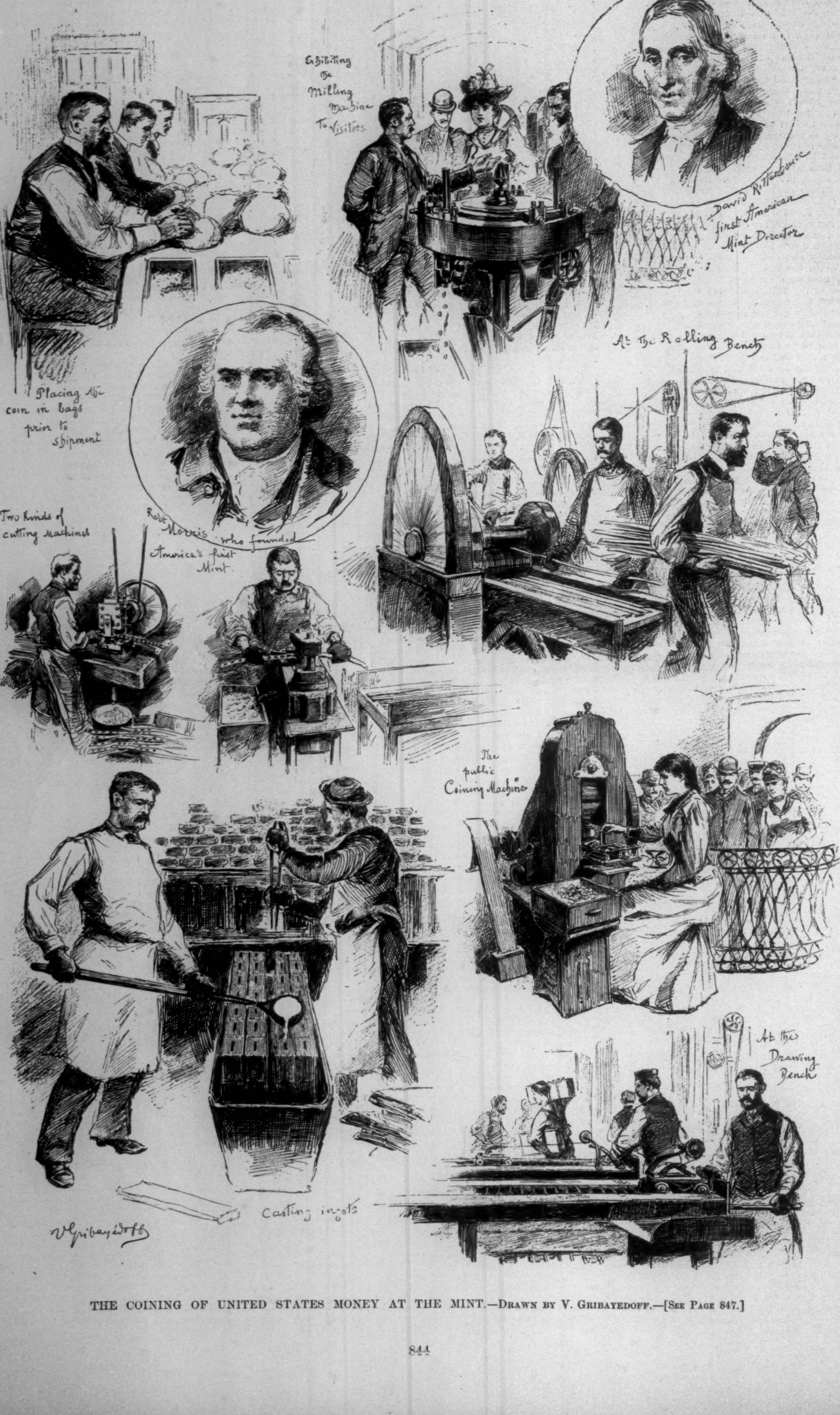
The cost of this peerless newspaper building is more than half a million dollars, and it is the result of recent study in the principal newspaper establishments of Europe and America. The originality and courage required to carry out the new undertaking can scarcely be exaggerated. But the proprietor of the *Herald* feels certain that the office ought not to be at one end of New York, but right in the heart of the theatre, hotel, and shopping district, close to the centre of population. In London, Paris, and other great cities the newspaper offices are grouped within easy distance of the financial centres. But the *Herald* is carrying out its principle of self-reliance and accompanying the northward movement of the population. Its splendid mailing department, that has excited the admiration and won the applause of so many postmasters, will be put to a supreme test now, for some of the railway depots are far away.

So the old days and the old home of the *Herald* have passed away. It is a mighty organization, with more than two thousand five hundred correspondents, and a system of bureaus that carries it into the uttermost ends of the earth. The elder Bennett started the paper with a nominal capital of five hundred dollars in 1835, and he lived to be a maker of Presidents. The present proprietor of the *Herald*, who is also its real editor in every vital detail, would not sell the paper for any price, although it was recently valued at twenty million dollars. In 1869 a group of capitalists offered two millions and a half for the *Herald* to the elder Bennett, but he laughed at the proposal. He declared that he would neither know what to do with the money nor with himself if he sold the paper. Four years ago a New York syndicate cabled a message to Mr. Bennett asking him what was the lowest price of the *Herald*. His only reply was, "The price of the *Herald* is three cents daily, five cents on Sunday." A prominent politician offered Mr. Bennett a check for fifty thousand dollars for the support of the *Herald*. Mr. Bennett looked him in the eye, and said, "This check can be traced to me." "Then I'll get you the money," said the politician, deceived by the calm bearing and impenetrable countenance of the journalist. "Good!" said Mr. Bennett. In a few minutes the politician returned with a big roll of greenbacks. Mr. Bennett could no longer suppress his rage. He tore the check up, threw it in his visitor's face, and drove him out of the room in a burst of fury. Names cannot be mentioned just now.

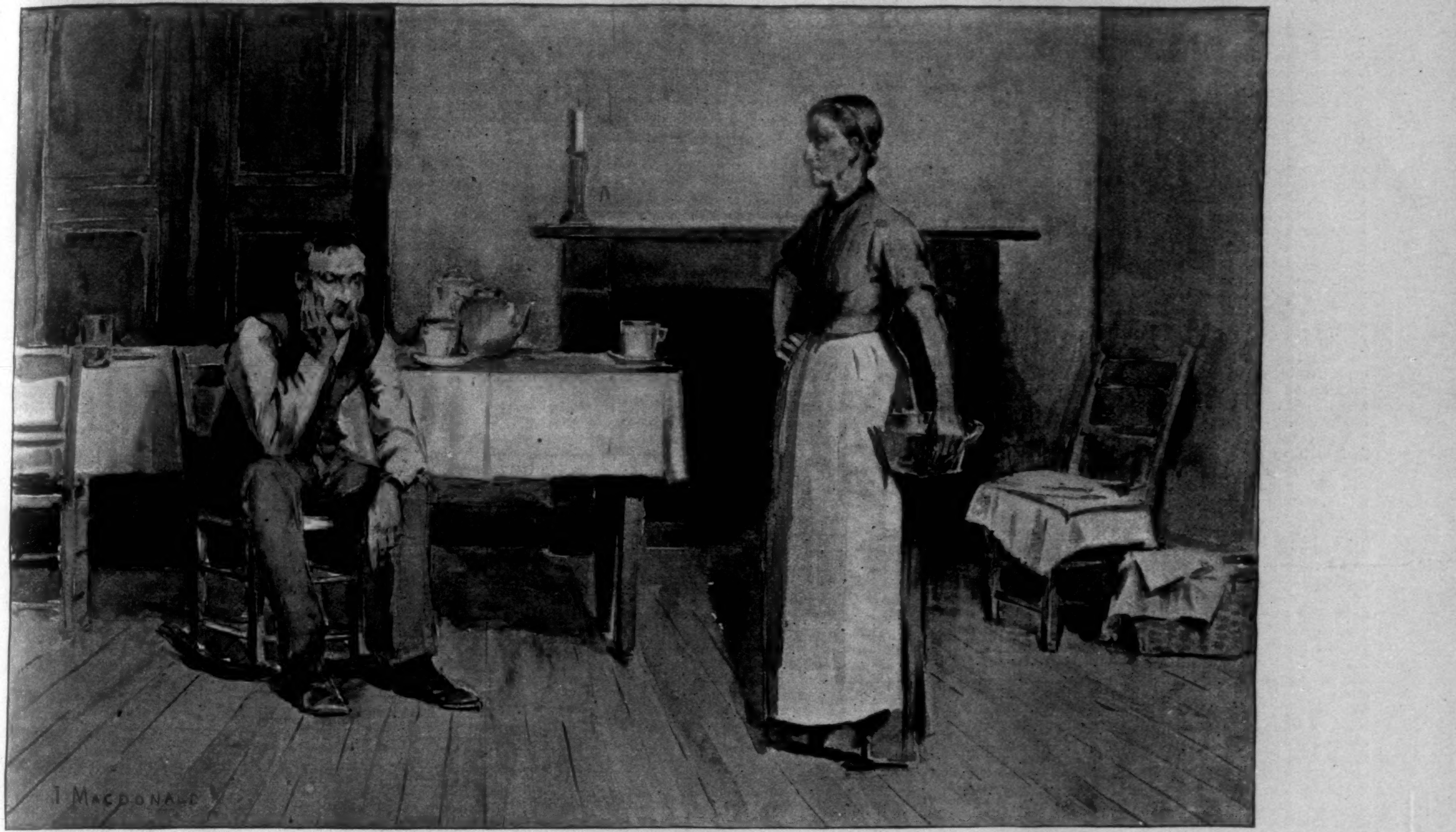
The *Herald* is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Its scorn of money considerations is indicated by the payment of nearly four thousand dollars in cable tolls for a despatch of less than two columns, and its proprietor is planning to make it more and more the representative of uncommercial and impersonal journalism, a public institution that cannot fall into the hands of factions even after his death, but go on as a sort of journalistic republic. Of the *Herald* more than any other newspaper in the world Thackeray's words may be repeated:

"There she is; she never sleeps. She has her ambassadors in every quarter of the world—her couriers upon every road. Her officers march along with armies, and her envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets. They are ubiquitous. Yonder journal has an agent at this moment giving bribes at Madrid, and another inspecting the price of potatoes at Covent Garden."

Thomas Jefferson said that he would rather live in a country with newspapers and without a government, than in a country with a government but without newspapers. And if this be the expression of a sound judgment, the future of a great newspaper like the *Herald*, whose agents have opened a continent to civilization, explored the arctic seas and lands, talked with crowned monarchs and overthrown governments and political policies, must be a matter of grave interest.


Exhibiting the Milling Machine to Visitors
David Rittenhouse first American Mint Director
Placing the coin in bags prior to shipment
At the Rolling Bench
Robt Morris who founded America's first Mint
Two kinds of cutting machines
The public Coining Machine
At the Drawing Bench
Casting ingots
V Gribayedoff

THE COINING OF UNITED STATES MONEY AT THE MINT.—DRAWN BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF.—[SEE PAGE 847.]



OUT OF WORK.—DRAWN BY J. MACDONALD.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.

No accurate statement in regard to the number of unemployed in the country is ever possible. It is, however, probably safe to estimate the number at one million in ordinarily dull times, and if we should let two millions represent involuntary idleness at the present moment, that number would be a safe underestimate. These enormous figures mean little to one who reads them carelessly, but a vast deal to one who reflects upon the suffering which can be seen often enough to attend the lack of employment on the part of a single wage-earner—suffering so admirably suggested in the accompanying illustration. When the concrete sorrow and wretchedness which can be observed are multiplied by a number almost surpassing comprehension, the total sum of misery becomes overwhelming.

The term "the unemployed" has become one of ominous import in all older civilizations, but its full meaning has been spared this country up to the present. The search for work is now universally observable, and in parts of the country where, to use the well-known phrase, until recently two employers were seeking one man, men and women are begging piteously for an opportunity to toil for bread. There are many evidences of distress for those who have eyes to see. In Chicago, where it is usually so difficult to get domestic servants at any price, the employment bureaus show excessive supply at prices which not long since would have seemed incredibly low. The explanation is that on the one hand household expenses are being curtailed, and on the other daughters in formerly well-to-do families are seeking employment.

There is, perhaps, nothing which is more calculated to produce a bitter feeling than long-continued and fruitless search for work. Even when the searcher has no one dependent upon him, if himself in dire need, the impression is one which can never be entirely effaced. When wife and children are suffering also, the result is often despair and suicide, as the columns of the daily paper so frequently report of late. Fortunately, the worst periods of distress in this country have always been of short duration. The trite saying that "it is darkest just before dawn" is true enough in our industrial world, and he who seeks work expecting a change indulges a hope which is well grounded. The change is the rule and not the exception.

The greatest danger which threatens a section of the community, and in consequence, we may say, the community as a whole, is that a considerable proportion of the unemployed may suffer social shipwreck, and so become part of the "submerged tenth." Recent researches in pauperism and crime make nothing plainer than that there is a section of the wage-earning classes comparatively weak, which in times like these tends to yield to the temptation to become beggars and criminals and a prey upon society.

The most strenuous exertion of all right-thinking persons should be put forward to prevent this misfortune. Private and public organizations ought to use every effort to help the weaker portion of the community to tide over the present brief distress. When the writer was recently in Colorado, where the suffering may be as great as anywhere, it was proposed to call a meeting of the State Board of Charities to prepare systematic arrangements to meet the calls for help through the coming winter. This is an example which deserves commendation. While relief will, we may hope, come in the near future, yet recovery must at the very best occupy several months, and only harm can result from shutting our eyes to the fact that we have a hard winter before us, the sufferings of which can, however, be mitigated by timely forethought.

Whatever theoretical views may have been held in regard to the functions of government, it has, as a matter of fact, in all countries in times of great distress, been found necessary to afford some relief by extension of public employment, and surely it is better to give men work and a support than a support without work. As a rule, in time of industrial stagnation needed public work can be pushed forward with advantage, because labor is cheap and capital abundant. The present difficulty in raising money, which has seemed to be shared equally by public bodies, may be expected soon to pass away. Whatever public work really needs to be done in the near future should in the interest of the public safety be planned and executed as soon as practicable. Naturally certain difficulties present themselves, and the amount of relief which can be expected from an extension of public work is only limited. Had we a better civil service far more could be done, for the difficulties that present themselves are closely connected with our inferior civil administration, and we dare not do so much as a country like Germany, or even England, can safely do. Perhaps the present crisis might be improved by civil service reformers to point out to wage-earners the importance to them of a sound civil service entirely divorced from partisan politics.

Another suggestion is that peace must be preserved, cost what it may, for a disturbance of the public peace will only retard recovery and delay opportunity for employment. Destruction of property, of which we have fortunately heard of only a few instances, simply makes a bad matter worse. Friends of wage-earners also cannot too strongly emphasize the fact that now is no time to strike. Those who recognize the necessity of strikes occasionally, and who go as far as any one can in acknowledging that they have accomplished something at times, must deprecate most strongly the folly of strikes at the present juncture. We may at least say that every unsuccessful strike is a foolish one, and statistics show that strikes to prevent a reduction of wages almost always fail, and it is because they take place in times of depression. Those who point out to wage-earners the uselessness of strikes under circumstances like these will be likely to accomplish more than those who simply denounce strikes in general. It was refreshing to read in a working-man's paper last week a sensible editorial article headed, "Don't Strike Now." Another editorial in the same paper gives good advice under the head "Don't Tramp." It is well for newspaper editors and all who have influence to urge workingmen to stay at home, unless they know that they can get work elsewhere. Wandering from home generally makes a bad matter worse.

A word to employers will not be amiss, and that is to couple gentleness with firmness. There is a need of co-operation of all social factors to mitigate the evils under which we are suffering, and the natural irritability of men who see wages reduced or who seek work in vain should not be judged too harshly. Those who are so fortunate as not to be obliged to reduce wages now—and there are some such—ought by no means to increase discontent by a selfish exploitation of the hard times.

When we observe the widespread suffering in the community, from which no industrial class is exempt, we would perhaps be inclined to think at first that there must be some natural cause for all this suffering, did we not know that such was not the case. If we can imagine a visitor from another planet, unfamiliar with our conditions, we should expect him to ask questions like these: "Has pestilence swept over the land? Has there been great destruction of capital and labor in war? Has the soil become barren?" We should be obliged to answer that although the supply of land had not been diminished, although capital and labor still existed in their former abundance, we suffered want as great as that which attends the destruction of property and life in war. As there are no natural causes, the causes must be social. The causes reside in man, and not outside of him; and as they are social, they are socially controllable. To hold otherwise is to indulge in superstition like that of the ancients who thought it impious to bridge vast streams, and thus unite lands which nature had separated, or like that of the ignorant even in our own century, who have thought it almost wicked for surgeons and physicians to remove deformities in the physical body, and thus to make limbs straight when "God has made them crooked." As evils in the physical body have been attacked, so can those in the social body, when we have a sufficient amount of scientific skill. This scientific skill can be acquired, but not easily. It requires long and patient study. The natural impulse is to use direct means, with the expectation that immediate results will be produced, but this natural impulse fails to give satisfactory guidance. Scientific remedies, and the only really effective ones, follow roundabout methods. When we have schools of social science as well equipped as the best medical schools are now, we shall be on the road to prevent crises, such as have produced so much suffering during the present century.

A MEMORIAL TO THEODORE CHILD.

THE public has learned to expect a certain measure of heroism from missionaries of Christian churches. Even if the occasion for an act of fatal daring does not often arise, yet the self-sacrifice that enters into the daily lives of persons who promulgate their religion in foreign lands approaches very near to the heroic. When Theodore Child and Edwin Lord Weeks arrived in Tabreez last summer on their journey to India in the interests of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, they found a cholera epidemic raging in the city. To use Mr. Child's words: "The bank was closed—telegraph closed—all the doctors fled—no Europeans left. We found ourselves literally in the street without shelter. Finally we discovered an American mission-house and a heroic lady doctor. This lady took pity on us; gave us rooms in the mission-house"; and afterwards nursed Mr. Weeks through an attack of cholerine, and Mr. Child through a serious illness from cholera. This lady, who remained in Tabreez when other physicians fled from the city, and whose courageous devotion to duty prolonged Mr. Child's life, is Miss Mary E. Bradford, of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church. Recently some friends of Mr. Child, who desired to show their appreciation of Miss Bradford's kindness to him, united in sending to her a sum of money, with the request that she use it in the way she deemed most fitting to perpetuate Mr. Child's memory. In a letter recently received in this city, Miss Bradford writes that it is her intention to apply the money to the maintenance of a room in a hospital which the missionaries in Tabreez hope soon to build. This room will be called after Mr. Child's name, and will be at the service of travellers and foreign residents of Persia.

Mr. Child, after leaving Tabreez, pushed on with Mr. Weeks to Ispahan, where, it is believed, he contracted the typhoid fever from which he died on November 2d of last year without the possibility of medical attendance. This journey overland through Persia was undertaken against the advice of friends, and although Mr. Child did not live to complete it, Mr. Weeks reached the Persian Gulf in safety, after an eventful journey, which he will describe in early numbers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Mr. Child was an inveterate traveller, and it is gratifying to know that the memorial which Madame and William T. Dannat, S. P. Avery, G. A. Lucas, C. W. McIlvaine, Philippe Sichel, and others have asked Miss Bradford to provide for him will benefit travellers in a corner of the world where medical attendance is likely to be most grateful because most rare.

ALASKA FISH AND GAME.

(*Continued from page 841.*)

resulted from that accident of the torpedo and the whale, as the tribe claimed a large indemnity of blankets for their loss, and threatened to murder the whites when payment was refused. Before peace was secured an Indian village was shelled by a revenue-cutter, and since then right, black, and humpbacks are allowed to sport in peace. The Indians hold the whale in great respect, and consider it wisest of totemic beasts after the raven and bear. For this reason it has been said that they would not kill it, nor eat its flesh or blubber; but doubtless they reverence it for the same reason they do the cinnamon-bear and any other creature that may attack and kill them without provocation. The natives have many grewsome tales to tell of whales and their vengeful dispositions, and in their fathers' time—that wholly indeterminate period which may have been fifty or two hundred years ago—whales did many more eccentric things than now. In their play, whales often rise near enough to ships for one to hear them snort and spout, and when I sought to snap a photograph of the spouting whale from the little fantail deck of a steam-launch, a black mass rose beside us, snorted, and disappeared in an instant. But for its frightened dive and our own speed, the impetus of the creature might have landed it in may lap, and the tiny deck, not two feet above the water, lost all attractions for touch-the-button artists.

The commercial fisheries and mineral developments in Alaska have not spoiled the region for the angler and the sportsman. Brook-trout and salmon-trout swim unnoticed, and bait or spoon will lure sea-bass, sea-trout, rock-cod, and flounders anywhere along shore. There are more bear and fur-bearing animals in the southern section than the present number of hunters can ever thin out. The black-tailed and a small red deer fairly crowd some of the forested islands, and a deer is sold in Sitka streets for two dollars and less. Mountain-goats are found all along the mainland heights, and in the neighborhood of Sum Dum or Holkham Bay the mountain-sheep come out to the coast range and silhouette their tremendous horns, their sleek and graceful bodies, against glacier reaches and sky-lines. On Revilla-Gigedo Island, the Naha country, or "land of the distant lakes," and all the continental shores of Boehm Canal, half encircling it, are a sportsman's paradise, where beasts, birds, and fish abound. Last summer several young sportsmen from the Sandwich Islands spent their vacation from a California college in Revilla-Gigedo camps. They made the Loring cannery at the mouth of Naha Bay their point of departure and base of supplies, and penetrating to the heart of the island by the chain of lakes, had sport galore during that summer of phenomenally fine weather. Both black and cinnamon bear are found on the island, the former a finely furred and palatable creature in spring, who will run from the sight of man and seldom shows fight. The cinnamon-bear, so worthily respected by the natives, will give battle, and is an unpleasant one to meet in those dense forests where retreat is impossible, and the hunter must stand and fight it out whenever one of those dingy brown creatures appears. When the hot spring sun opens the buds of the skunk-cabbage, whose gigantic tropical-looking leaves later amaze one, Bruin descends from his hiding and gives the marksman a chance. His coat is then soft and silky, and his flesh tender and delicate. After a little scratching in the underbrush and bleaching in the sunlight his fur is ruined. When the blueberries tinge swamps and hill-sides with a purplish bloom and the salmonberries hang their gorgeous clusters aloft—red and yellow globes of tasteless dew—the bear feasts royally. The salmonberries foretell the great run of fish, when Bruin haunts lakes and creeks, pawing salmon ashore and gorging himself until his flesh is so rank that the dogs will hardly touch it. In salmon and salmonberry time the hunter needs always to be loaded for bear, and as many as four bears have been seen at once pawing salmon from a Naha lake.

"What would you do if we should meet a bear?" we asked an Indian woman while picking salmonberries at the redoubt near Sitka.

"I should ask him to let me go by very politely. I should tell him how good and wise he was, and talk to him, and he would not harm me. The bear knows very much, and will not harm a woman if she is polite to him."

All the Tlingits believe in this same method of pacifying the cinnamon-bear, and it is as good as any if the Indian is unarmed, or has only the old muzzle-loading rifle, which the government so carefully prescribes for him. With only one shot available, the hunter fires, and runs at a right angle from the line of his ball, as Bruin always makes a lunge toward the place the smoke came from. Visiting bear-hunters have a great time keeping their Indian aids up with them. They are willing to report the sight of a bear, or point to the thicket or gully where one is hiding, but they have too wholesome a respect to intrude.

Over twenty-five thousand skins of the small red deer of the region were shipped from Loring alone last year. Beaver, land-otter, mink, marten, wolverene, marmots, and weasels abound, and wolves have often come down and driven the Indian dogs into the water. Eagles are always circling overhead, or sweeping off toward the lofty peaks of the interior, where in the heart of the Naha country are lakes and marshes on which mallard, teal, red-head, and a so-called canvas-back duck and flocks of wild-geese come to rest.

With many, Boehm Canal ranks as the finest landscape reach on the coast, and Yess Bay, Freshwater Bay, and Burroughs Bay are sufficient promise of all the fine wilderness beyond. The Yess Bay cannery is still prosperous, but the abandoned buildings in the other bays can only afford shelter to sportsmen and give them undisturbed domain. The tent is not enjoyable in this country of heavy and continuous rains, and the prospector's tiny sheet-iron stove is more reliable if less picturesque than the open camp-fire. Further up the coast, where the prospector has been searching so long, there are countless abandoned cabins in the most unexpected places. Any one is welcome to their shelter if he follows the law of the frontier to close and leave everything as he found it, and does not violate the more sacred law of cache, which protects anything left by its owner for any time. Food, bedding, and implements may be left beside a trail for days or months, and no Indian or real frontiersman will touch them. In this country, where everything must be packed on a man's back after leaving a canoe, the disturber of a cache is less esteemed than the horse-thief of the plains. Often the sportsman finds surprises in these old log cabins. One who sought refuge from a storm could only open a securely nailed door by chopping it off the hinges, and the sight of the interior filled with powder-kegs sent him hurrying back to his canoe. Another forced a door open and saw a bear slowly climbing through the open end of the cabin.

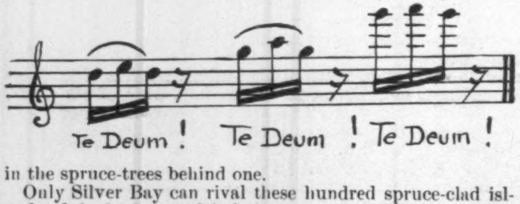
Fort Wrangell is another centre of game and scenery, and besides the fishing in Wrangell Narrows and hunting on the duck flats at the mouth of the Stikine River, there is a fine bear country up that remarkable river, with its unequalled cañons, its relics and romances of old mining days. Sir Richard Musgrave, who hunted in the Stikine country last summer, accompanied by two Indians and a couple of dogs, emerged tattered and barefoot after six weeks in the wilds, but with the skulls and skins of grizzly, black, and cinnamon bears, the horns of mountain-sheep and mountain-goat, as his trophies and proofs of prowess. Another season this sportsman will go north and hunt the St. Elias grizzly, or silver-tipped bear, and the big brown bear of Cook's Inlet, and then, sailing to St. Matthew's Island in Bering Sea, get a shot at the polar bear, which come down through the straits on the ice-floes.

In the Junean region all sport is lost sight of in prospecting. A miner at Shuck's growled at the enforced leisure of Sunday. "There ain't no sense in stopping the work. The boys just go off on some fool hunt, and come back so tired they can't work." Yet it is near Shuck's that the noble bighorn comes out to the coast range, leaping nimbly over peaks and glaciers, shying at the lightest scent or sound, springing to heights where no two-footed creature can follow, and offering the most tempting sport and trophies to a hunter.

The Chilkat country at the end of Lynn Canal, and all the Hooniah country to westward, including Glacier Bay, are great bear regions, and the mountain-goat leaps on all those snowy ranges. Because of the bear, there are few deer on this mainland. To the low swampy stretches at the foot of the ranges ducks and geese fly; there are salmon to be had almost anywhere save at the very front of the glaciers; and the grouse whistle among all the heathery, flower-gemmed meadows above timber-line. The sportsman can find something in the most unpromising spots, and even on the apparently barren mountains immediately surrounding Muir Glacier there are high pastures where the mountain-goat browses on the finest grasses and feasts on forty varieties of flowers, the ptarmigan find their favorite berries, and the marmot whistles his long strange *wheep! wheep!* and grows plump and juicy on his chosen menu. During several weeks' camping at Muir Glacier we had full opportunity for enjoying the delicate and finely flavored flesh of the young mountain-goat, and roast, steak, chop, and filet were each better than the other.

For sixteen to twenty miles on either side of Sitka there are nooks and niches which sportsmen cannot exhaust in many seasons. Northward are Katliansky and Qvassinsky, whence winter-camping sportsmen bring canoe-loads of game, and tell of deer and duck and grouse and geese they had to leave behind. Katliansky is a narrow inlet opening from the Sound just beyond the bay of Starri Gavan, that first settlement, or old Sitka, which was destroyed by Katlian and his tribe in 1802. A huge green beehive island marks the entrance to the bay, and at the end of the valley towers a sharply cut, pyramid-pointed peak, near whose summit a snowy anchor is forever outlined. To the flats at Katliansky and at Qvassinsky (the place where *qvass* is made) the Russian company used to send the Aleut apprentice-boys to cut hay and raise vegetables. *Qvass* was dealt freely in haying-time, and its name clings, although hay fields and gardens have gone back to the wilderness, and in place of the cheering *qvass*, openly brewed and drank, the Indian's forbidden *hoochinoo* and the smuggler's most poisonous whiskey do their worst.

In Sitka Harbor, in view of the castle windows and a stone's-throw from the wharf, are banks where bass, cod, trout, and flounders lurk, and the maze of waterways between the Baranoff shore and the open ocean are all fishing-grounds. Taking in the line now and then for the beds of giant kelp and algæ, submarine conservatories and forests over which one floats and marvels, one may troll and strike for hours and miles with steady success. One hardly lets out the line's full length before there is a tug, and a sea-bass comes whirling and spinning along the surface like a screw-propeller, a splendid shining fellow whose pale grayish scales, with an undertone of lilac, shade to the tint of the blackest pearl; or a sea-trout whirls like a carmine wheel, a gyrating tongue of fire, a radiant rainbow creature with blue and orange spots on the vest of his rosy livery; or a rock-cod snaps at the glittering spoon, and his black body, splotched with red and orange, is most lovely of all; or a salmon takes the steel, and almost unseats the inattentive troller, and a twenty-pounder is drawn in without the aid of a gaff or obsequious guide with his landing-net. The day's prize is won when such a one lies in the bottom of the canoe, his silvery sides shading into the velvety olive and blue of his back not too darkly to show the black spots that declare him a tyee. Then it is best to land on one of the innumerable islands to gather the inch-long bluebells that grow in every cleft and hollow of the rocks, to hunt abalone shells on the high ground and on tree branches where the ravens have left them, to lie on the black sand beach among the inky rocks of Sasedni Island, beyond Japonski, sifting warm black streams through one's fingers and watching the snow stripes on Mount Edgecumbe's red volcanic cone across the water, while the surf hisses lazily on sands and reefs, and the thrushes sing their



in the spruce-trees behind one.

Only Silver Bay can rival these hundred spruce-clad islands of the harbor, and it is but a narrow cleft in a snowy mountain range, a water-floored cañon with splendid walls that could charm any homesick Hardanger villager. Mount Verstova bars the northern end of the fiord, and at its foot is Sawmill Creek and some little lakes where the trout bite quickly. The Russians dammed the creek and built a large sawmill, which was transferred to the United States as government property, only to be disused and neglected until the Indians burned it to get the copper rivets and bolts with which it was put together. After satisfying himself with salmon-trout below the dam, the angler may climb up the slippery ways to the higher reaches where the smaller and rarer fish with the iridescent speckles abide.

Round Mountain's beehive or domelike mass is the corner tower in the mountain wall where the fiord turns sharply to southward, and on its eastern side there is a fern-hung cave in which the longest canoe may be sheltered. Facing the cave is Kalampy's landslide. Kalampy is a mighty hunter, who, while chasing a deer across the precipitous front of Kamenaia hill, startled a bear that immediately showed fight and threatened to end Kalampy's career. But just then the mountain trembled, and a great piece of its thin earthy crust began to slip, and slide, and shoot, with a roar, straight two thousand feet down into the bay. The deer was caught on the branches of the next to the last tree at the water's edge, and Kalampy, hooked on to the last limb of all, saw the bear drowned and buried under the mountain of débris, and took the venison home. The scar on the mountain-side is there now to prove this most modern version of the protean tale, and Kalampy lives. A break in the range holds Bear Bay, its creek and further cañon so vaunted by landscape enthusiasts, by anglers and sportsmen. A trinity of peaks range themselves in echelon above Bear Bay, with a massive broad-armed cross outlined in eternal snows on one summit, a symbol that may be seen to the further end of Sitka Sound. A bark hut, a tent, some frames of drying salmon, and a draped canoe tell of Salmon Creek, where the Russians used to trap and cure their fish; but the place is now deserted, save when some hopeful mine-owner goes to do assessment work on his claims further up the cañon. Combining hunting and fishing with this mineral development, the owners always carry back such strings of fish and stories of greater strings as make all Sitka envious. From the shaking wharf at the abandoned Stewart mine one may always catch Dolly Vardens, those ravenous salmon-trout that gulp down any bait, but best love salmon eggs, which a wise fisherman despises to use, the sticky yellow roe leaving an enduring odor, and never to be scraped or washed from any garment which it touches. And just beyond, where a broad foaming fall shoots in long rapids down a three-hundred-foot incline, salmon gayly leap.

The great need of this country, in a landscape way, is a waterfall, a great river shooting out into the air and dropping a few thousand feet with a roar heard miles away. To be in harmony and proportion with the rest of natural objects it must be on a great scale, and then Alaska will be catalogued only in superlatives. The highest mountain, the longest river, the greatest glaciers, the densest forests, the largest fish, the highest tides, the deepest channels, and the greatest rainfall are already on the list. There is needed a Niagara, a Yosemite, a Skjeggerdalfoss, or something to match the great falls of Labrador at the very least. Every condition necessary is present and every promise is given for such a fall, but it is not. The mountains rise as straight as masonry for thousands of feet, there is a heavy precipitation throughout the year, and eternal snows are forever in sight. All the northwest coast is musical with falling waters, but these descending streams cling to and slide over sloping walls, and nowhere gather and make one mighty plunge. There is no Naerodal, no Geiranger, no real Yosemite. I have asked Indians, traders, fishermen, miners, and hunters, but all my prospecting for a great waterfall was in vain.

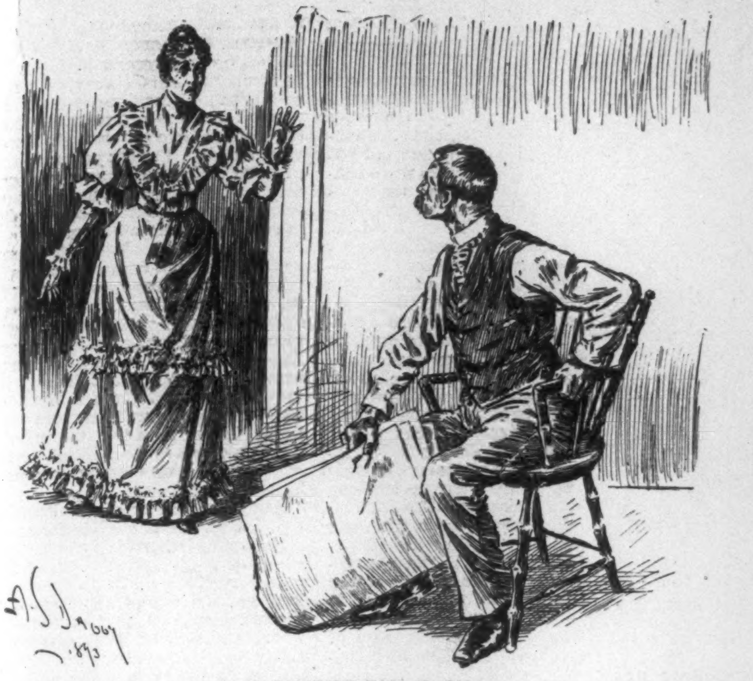
Eight miles below Sitka there opens the Oserskoi, or Lake Bay, at whose far end are the relics of an old Russian settlement and a new but abandoned cannery. This redoubt was an important place in Russian days; and the fort, church, and buildings lasted until well after American occupancy; but neglect and Indian vandalism have left only two or three of the massive log structures standing. Less than two hundred feet from the bay, and nine feet above it, is Gloubokoe, or the Deep Sea, a sheet of water eight miles in length with less than half a mile's width. From one end of the lake a trail ascends to the mines below Silver Bay, and from the other end a trail crosses the divide to the Hot Springs, both so disused and overgrown in these days of abandonment and decay that there is risk in attempting them.

All the wilderness is full of game, and the black-tailed deer are had too easily for hunters who seek only sport and pastime. The Indian or Russian hunters either ambush them or call them by whistling on a piece of split grass. The long low wail is not unmusical, and a leisure-loving, fish-scented native, who once packed for us on a mountain trip, became a graceful woodland creature, a lissome faun, as he lay full length on a mossy log and lazily called the deer.

The Russians cured great supplies of salmon at the redoubt, and during the first years of gold discoveries had a large trade with California. The first salmon cannery in Alaska, established at old Sitka in 1878, was afterwards moved to the redoubt. For two seasons the cannery buildings have been closed, the bay shores lack their Indian camps, the salmon splash unheeded, and the company concentrates its forces at Redfish Bay, further south, from which point many salmon streams are accessible to the scows and launches.

In all canoe trips the Tlingit skipper will only spread his sail when the wind is astern. He paddles patiently close in shore, giving one view of all the wildwood, travelling many picturesque and unnecessary miles to keep sheltered and within reach of land. There is a chain of hidden passages between Oserskoi and Hot Springs Bay that even a canoe can only take at the highest tide, and one summer day our stolid steersman, after studying the tide marks, gave the word to his young men; all paddled like mad for a half-mile, and the canoe, rounding a rock, shot through the smallest needle's eye of a lead between the ledges. "*Kloosh-tum tum*," said the old man, with a glowing countenance, his aids chuckled the same words, and we too had "happy hearts" when their next strokes hid the opening, and the canoe floated in a mirror pool sunk between overhanging trees. Through one after another of such surprises the old Charon ferried us. Many were so charming that we made him linger while we watched the huge kelp fronds floating below us, medusæ opening and shutting their flowerlike cups of pinkish-yellow, red, and white, and schools of fish swimming across marble or sandy bottoms almost in reach. Every rock above high-water line bore some green decoration, many a tiny islet supporting a lone little Christmas tree, and curls of floating algæ ringing it round with magic circles. Out nearer the open ocean, in the pure golden sunlight of the afternoon, only broad lazy ripples represented the Pacific swell. Mount Edgecumbe floated dreamlike on the water, whales spouted idly beyond the rocks, and past islet and point we gained our way to the Hot Springs.

In the good old Russian days the Hot Springs were made use of. A hospital and a chapel were built, two doctors and a pharmacist had houses, and there was daily communication with Sitka unless stress of weather prevented. A large clearing surrounded the substantial buildings, and extensive gardens were maintained where a wild tangle of undergrowth now hides every feature. The underground heat forces the richest vegetation, and such berries, wild flowers, ferns, and mosses grow as to surprise one after



NO OCCASION FOR ALARM.

MRS. SUBBUBS. "Oh, John, there is a cow breaking into our garden!"
MR. SUBBUBS (*whose amateur efforts at gardening have not been all that he had dreamed of*).
"Well, if she can find anything there fit to eat, she will do more than I can."

weeks of delights in Alaskan forests. The White Sulphur Spring bubbles from a gem-like pool and crevices in rocks, and has a temperature of 155°. The other sulphur spring has a lower temperature and is strongly impregnated with magnesia. Some yards further away is a clear cold spring tonic with iron. In cases of rheumatism and skin diseases the waters have afforded the greatest relief. Although transferred as government property, the United States has never assumed any care or guardianship of the place nor declared it a reservation. The neglected buildings went to ruin, were burned and destroyed by the Indians, and a few years since a Sitka merchant built four cabins and a simple bath-house. These afford one a shelter from the elements, but each house only contains a cook-stove, a few bunks, and an abundance of fragrant hay cured on the spot each year. The views from the open hill-side—the long summer sunsets, the glowing roseate skies, and the burning sea holding azure mountains and inky islets—all discourage a painter. Mount Edgecumbe from that point of view is more the matchless peak than ever; seaward and landward the ways are all enchanting, and one deplores the short summer season which prevents one from exploring a hundred other Alaskan nooks of scenic charm.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA MINT.

THE Philadelphia Mint is patriotically doing its best to relieve the financial stringency, and Uncle Sam's employés are working double time to turn out sufficient of the subsidiary coins to fill the very evident public want. The output averages nearly $200,000 daily, and the sum to be coined will amount to $5,000,000. The pieces minted are eagles and half-eagles.

It is just two weeks ago when a message flashed into the Superintendent's office from Washington to rush the coinage of the small gold pieces, even if it were necessary to keep the force after the usual hours. The people wanted gold, and they must have it. Consequently the fifty men in the rolling-room of the coinage department, and the seventy women who are known as adjusters, were put on double time, and now the smoke-begrimed and time-stained marble building is ablaze with light until nearly midnight, the novel sight attracting great attention from Chestnut Street strollers in the evening. The Mint has not been so busy for six or more years, when night and day forces were necessary to turn out the now troublesome silver dollars. Prior to that the only rush at the Mint since the war was in October, 1872, when $11.000,000 in double-eagles was coined to satisfy the great demand.

Perhaps figures will best indicate the present rush of coinage. When Superintendent Bosbyshell received the report as to the week's coinage August 19, the record showed that during the first nineteen days of August $427,000 in eagles had been coined. The report at the close of business August 23d indicated that in the first three days of the week $380,000 in ten-dollar gold pieces had been minted and were ready to be turned into the channels of commerce. At the same time other coins were being minted, there having been made about $200,000 in half-dollars, $150,000 in quarters, and $30,000 in dimes. Work on the half-eagles has not yet been started, but $2,500,000 in five-dollar gold pieces will be coined just so soon as the rollers and adjusters complete an equal amount of eagles. The Superintendent expects to have the full $5,000,000 in gold ready by September 15. No less than six operations are necessary to make a coin—the metal must be first melted, then cut into coin pieces balanced by the adjusters; the piece is milled, and then cleaned, the final stamp of the coin die being given last of all.

Mint employés speak familiarly of vast sums. They say now, "There's a half-million of half-eagles coming through." They carelessly point to a closet and nonchalantly remark, "There's $30.000,000 in gold bullion in there," and the closet straightway becomes to the bewildered visitor wondrously small to contain so large a sum. Indicating an insignificant-looking block of white metal, they will tell one, "There's $50.000 worth of silver in that; and," with a mild sweep of the arm, "there's $100,000,000 more of it over there." Packed away somewhere in the basement there are $50,000,000 in silver dollars. Silver certificates, the attendant tells you, have been issued against these coins, and are now in circulation. The visitor looks with awe at his guide, who had perhaps seemed commonplace, and thinks that here, at last, is a man who understands the silver question. The chances are he knows no more of that, however, than the corner butcher of the corner in beef, or the peripatetic flour man of the operations of the Chicago wheat pit. He regards the bullion as so much merchandise. Observation shows, however, that notwithstanding this familiarity with fortune, the Mint employé is singularly free from the vice of small clerks—a recklessness in the handling of his salary.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

Tormented with dyspepsia, you could not give him better advice than to adopt and stick to a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, finest and safest of tonics and regulators. This is no barren assertion. Experience has proved, physicians and the public certify to it. No less emphatic is their endorsement of it as a remedy for malarial disease, constipation, rheumatism, kidney disease, gout, and neuralgia. Use it with persistence.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

A CULTIVATED TASTE

would naturally lead a person possessing it to prefer the best things obtainable and guard against imperfections. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is unequalled in quality, as a trial will prove. Grocers and Druggists.—[*Adv.*]

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ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find relief in DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

"WHEN pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou"—BROMO-SELTZER.—[*Adv.*]

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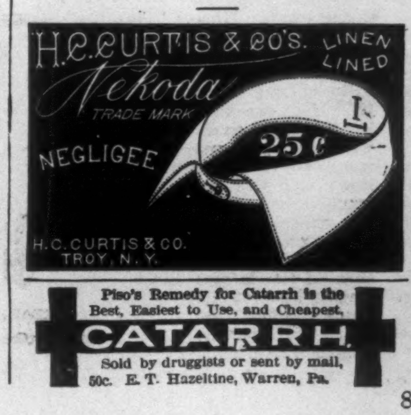

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The corks of the genuine water are branded with the name of The Apollinaris Company, Limited, and the words "Apollinaris Brunnen" around an anchor. F

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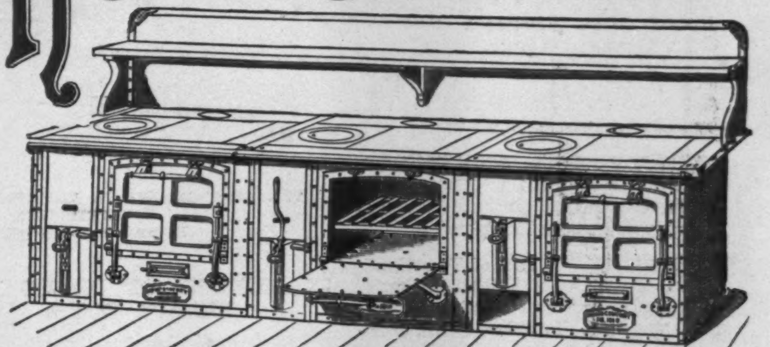

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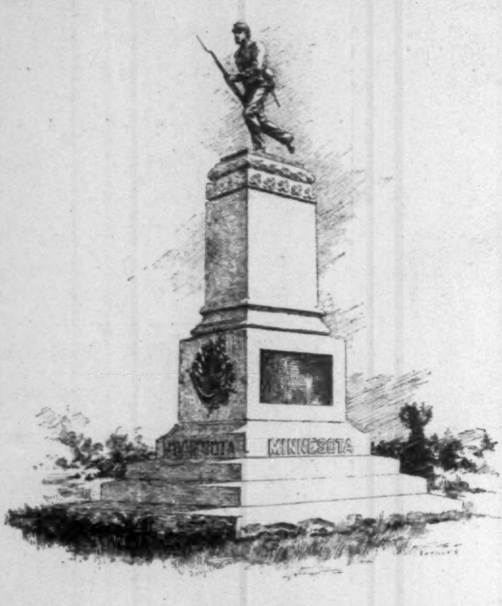


THE FIRST MINNESOTA INFANTRY MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.
From a Photograph by Tipton.

IN MEMORY OF BRAVE MINNESOTA BOYS.

THE State of Minnesota, through a board of commissioners authorized by the Legislature, has erected a monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg to commemorate the deeds of the First Infantry, to be dedicated in the early part of October.

There have been wonderful charges in the great battles of the world, charges that still thrill the soldiers of the nations, charges that through succeeding generations have won, and still shall win, the admiring recognition of the tactician, the noblest lines of the historian, the rich and splendid imagery of the poet.

Yet from the loins of this young commonwealth sprang a regiment of men who made a charge more wonderful in its daring, more terrible in its result, more rich in its legacy of loyalty, than any that preceded it—the most heroic charge of history.

The hot July sun was zenith-high upon the field of Gettysburg that direful day in the midst of the fiercest battle of the centuries. Gallant General Hancock, reaching the spot where the Union line was being forced backward, halting his furiously ridden horse, called out:

"What regiment is that?"

"The First Minnesota."

"Charge those lines!"

A charge into eternity that order meant. At double-quick, without discharging a gun, with the concentrated fire of the Confederate army pouring a leaden rain of death upon them—at double-quick, then at full speed, they charged into the enemy's advancing ranks. General Hancock saw that a five minutes' respite meant the arrival of re-enforcements and a turning of the tide of battle. He sacrificed this noble regiment in those fearful five minutes, and the position was held. The charge saved the day, but eighty-two per cent. of the men who made the charge were left on the field. Nearly every officer was dead or mortally wounded; of the two hundred and sixty-two men who made the charge, two hundred and fifteen were shot down by the bullets of the enemy; forty-seven were still in line. Judge Lochren of Minneapolis, now Commissioner of Pensions, in his description of the charge, of which he was one of the very few survivors, says:

"The annals of war contain no parallel to this charge. In its desperate valor, complete execution, successful result, and its sacrifice of men in proportion to the number engaged, authentic history has no record with which it can be compared."

In *Regimental Losses in the American Civil War*, Colonel Fox says:

"The fighting was deadly in the extreme, the percentage of loss in the First Minnesota, Gibbon's Division, being without an equal in the records of modern warfare."

General Hancock, who ordered the terrible charge, is thus quoted:

"There is no more gallant deed recorded in history. I ordered those men in there because I saw I must gain five minutes' time. Re-enforcements were coming on the run, but I knew that before they could reach the threatened point the Confederates, unless checked, would seize the position. I would have ordered that regiment in if I had known that every man would have been killed. It had to be done, and I was glad to find such a gallant body of men at hand willing to make the terrible sacrifice that the occasion demanded."

It is to commemorate this most terrible charge of history that this monument has been erected.

The completed monument cost $16,000.

W. S. HARWOOD.

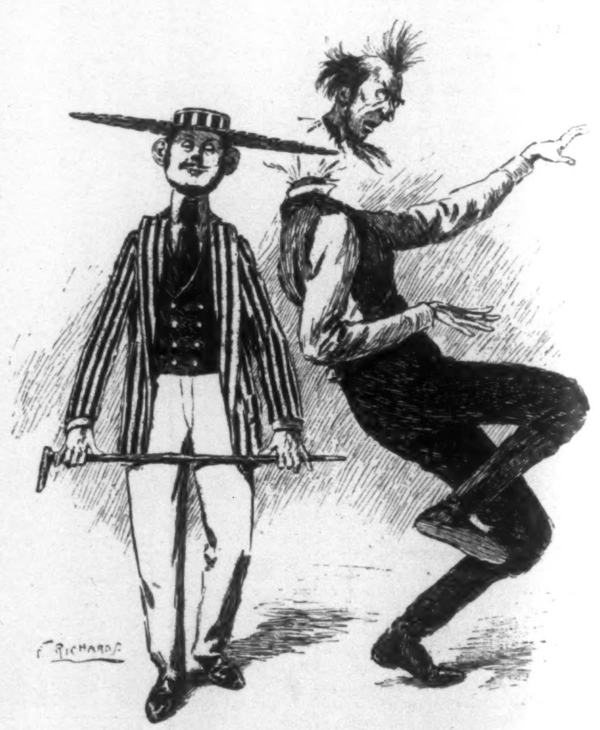
A RAILROAD PROBLEM.

EMPLOYERS demand more of men in responsible positions than they did a score of years ago, and the employed not only demand but receive better and more considerate treatment than was formerly their portion. This has been brought about through competition—competition of various sorts—skill against skill, labor against labor, capital against capital. The result is a benefit to employers and employed, and to the general public as well. This change is most marked in the railway service in this country, as was pointed out in a semi-serious editorial in HARPER'S WEEKLY a little while ago, dealing with the difference between the brakemen of to-day and those of the olden time, and called "An Instance of Degeneration." Nowadays railroads require their men to be cleanly in person, neat in dress, polite in manner, and zealous in the discharge of their duties. Men of intemperate habits cannot meet these requirements for any length of time, and therefore very soon drop out of the service. On the other hand, men of the standard class require shorter hours of work, fair remuneration, and just and considerate treatment from superior officers. In the olden times the trainmen swore at the passengers, at the engine, at the track, at the brakes, at everything and at nothing, and they in turn were sworn at by superintendents, train-despatchers, and all others in authority. These oaths may not have meant a great deal, but to a considerable extent they fixed the moral and social status of railroad men, who were, as a rule, as rough of speech as those who fought with the army in Flanders.

In the regeneration of manners and habits the railroad companies and the men employed have worked in harmony. The existing conditions required that there should be a change, and therefore the change effected itself to a great extent; but it has been made much easier by the assistance of a number of clubs in various railroad centres, managed to some degree by the Railroad Department of the Young Men's Christian Association. To these clubs the railroad companies contribute liberally both in erecting suitable buildings and in paying current expenses. The expenses for ninety-eight associations in 1891 were $147,389, and of this the railroad companies paid about one-quarter. The companies do not go to this expense out of mere sentiment, of course, for sentiment is something of which a soulless corporation is incapable, both in law and in fact. The corporations go to this expense because it pays them to do it. They are repaid by receiving better and prompter service from their men. The men are repaid, because for a small outlay they can not only gratify the American fondness for gregariousness, but they get the use also of reading-rooms, libraries, bath-rooms, and gymnasiums. That they appreciate these privileges is shown by the fact that the Railroad Men's Building in Madison Avenue, New York, is visited daily by six hundred members. There is not a single social club in this same city with anything like so large an average attendance. So much for the attendance at the largest and best-equipped of these clubs. Now suppose we look at that in a small place. Hinton, in West Virginia, is a small division point on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and the headquarters for about four hundred railroad men. During the year that ended with last November, the average daily attendance was 195. Any one who has had aught to do with the management of a club in a small city will appreciate how popular this railroad house in Hinton must be. Having the attendance of the largest club and one of the smallest stated, the reader will be readily able to form some idea of the attendance at the hundred clubs in existence. The average married man, with his home easily accessible, and if that home be comfortable and cheery, does not feel the need of any other place of resort. But many railroad men are not married, and many of the married have not as bright homes as they would wish. Twenty years ago the natural place to which such men would go was the neighboring saloon, for there there was more warmth, more light, more comfortable chairs, in addition to the alluring drinks that dull the sense of pain. The well-balanced man, hard of head and hard of heart, is impatient with those who, having no better place to go to, go to the saloons. Such men will not sympathize particularly with the movement to give to railroad men the better place in lieu of the worse. But fortunately such men are nowadays not in any influential majority, so that these railroad clubs are likely within the next ten years to be so multiplied in numbers that the privileges will be open to all of the million or more men who will then be engaged in railroad work in America.

Any man in any of the branches of the railroad service is eligible for membership, and no restriction whatever is made on account of religious belief. The idea of the managers of the railroad department and of local secretaries and assistants is to secure the attendance of men at the club, where moral influences will be thrown around them, and where they will see for themselves the advantage of cleanly, sober, and upright living. There is regular religious instruction at all of these clubs, to be sure, but it is not obligatory upon the members to attend. The libraries, the reading-rooms, the gymnasiums, and the bath-rooms—and the smoking-rooms too—are just as open as and even more obvious than the chapels. The Jew, the Roman Catholic, or the Unitarian can make himself just as much at home as the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, or the Methodist. Indeed, in a modified and limited form this is a practical test of Dr. Rainsford's idea of church clubs for the people—clubs that will take the place of the saloons and groggeries as places of neighborhood resort. In these railroad clubs, to be sure, neither beer nor liquor is sold, but there are lunch-rooms where good food is sold cheaply, there are smoking-rooms and rooms for games, and, indeed, everything a reasonable man could want, except the wine, the beer and the liquor.

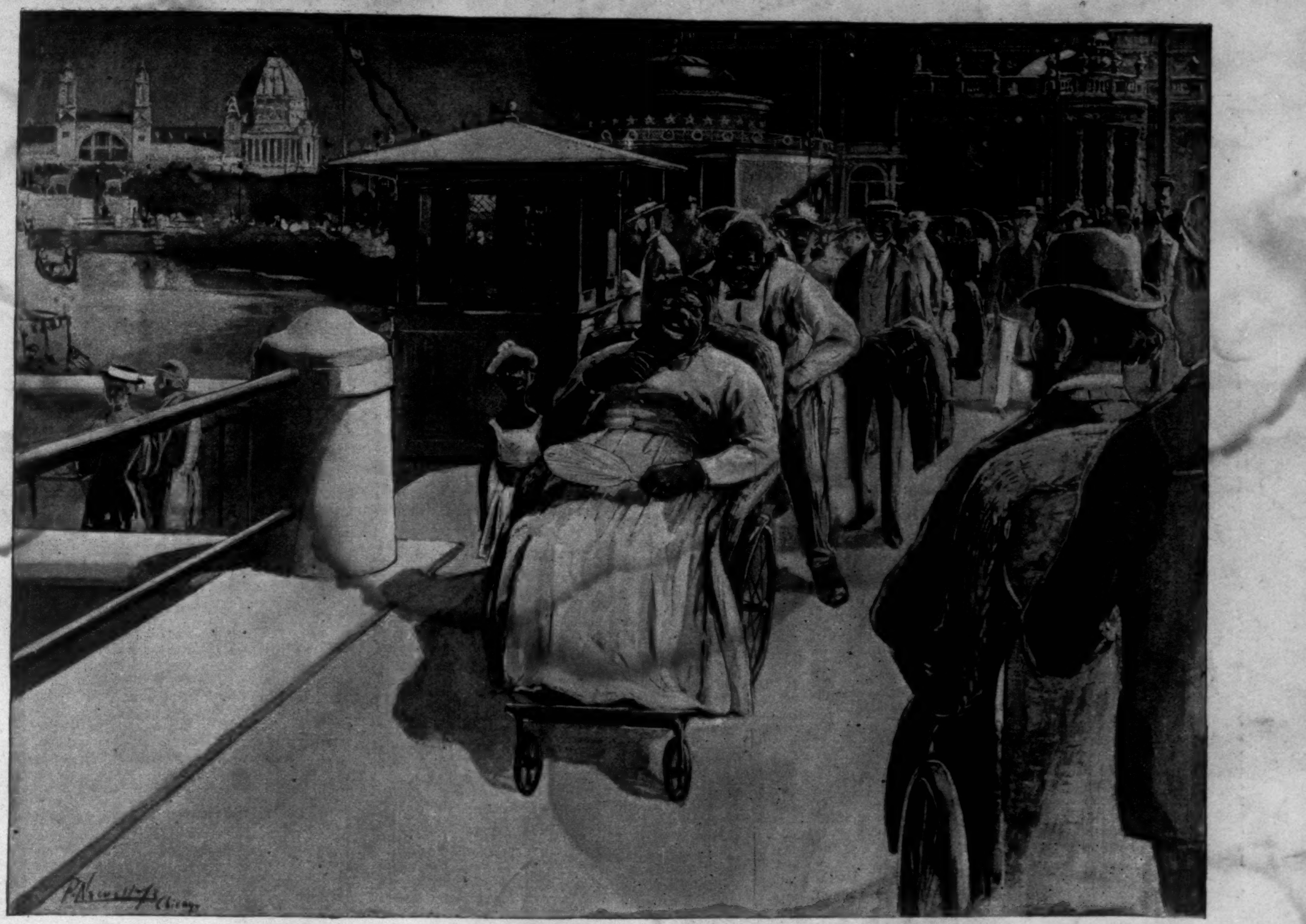
Now the railroad clubs have passed beyond the experimental stage. They have proved themselves successful in two regards—they are popular with the men, they are useful to the companies. If this be so, why should not the same principle be applied by all large employers of labor, by the missionaries in the crowded parts of the great cities, and by those zealous gentlemen who are seeking for the cause and cure of poverty. The shrewd managers of Tammany Hall in New York city calculate deliberately on the gregariousness of mankind, and they have made nearly every saloon in New York a branch club-house of Tammany Hall, and in each neighborhood there is a Central Tammany Club as well. And so Tammany waxes stronger. It is well to learn lessons even from the Evil One. We have seen the good work done in the railroad club-houses, we have seen the bad work done in Tammany liquor-saloon clubs. The lesson is obvious. We should strengthen the good clubs and establish others on similar lines. Then the liquor saloons will have found serious opposition.



DREADFUL ACCIDENT AT LONG BRANCH.

CHARLEY SHORT'S NEW STRAW HAT DECAPITATES A NATIVE.

[N.B.—The buzz-saw hat must go.



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—MR. JOHNSON HIRES A ROLLER-CHAIR.

MRS. JOHNSON. "Do it go easy, deary?"
MR. JOHNSON. "Hit's de mostest lak ploughin' cohn an' bein' you' own mule ob anyting I knows ob."

ANNUAL MEET OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION.

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

When you have become discouraged over the prospect of amateur sport maintaining the hale vigor of other days, with the pernicious influence of racing bicycling on one side, and the danger of degenerating into a mere tail to fashion's kite on the other—when, indeed, you have been taking yourself rather seriously, and reached the conclusion that your doll is all sawdust—pack up your grip instantly, and make a bee-line for the camp of the American Canoe Association. If you happen to have this attack at a time of the year when there is no Meet, hunt up the nearest canoeist of your acquaintance and "talk it over" with him.

If there is any surer and more thoroughly delightful manner of driving dull care away than idling a few days at the canoe camp, it needs a discoverer. Here the sportman revels in the races, and rejoices that at least for a couple of days he has escaped the element of greed, becoming, alas! too apparent in so many branches of our sport; the layman saunters about the camp, attracted hither and thither by the picturesque flag decorations and the trim, graceful canoes, wondering, perhaps, at the uniform good-nature that prevails everywhere.

A visit to the camp is a wholesome tonic of which our draughts cannot be too deep. It is one big family of from two to three hundred men and women on the very best of terms with one another. No one seems to have a thought for the morrow, except that it may bring forth successful races in the day, and a jolly camp-fire at night. If these enviable canoeists have cares—and where is the happy mortal free of them?—at least they are not *en évidence;* they are put aside until after camp breaks up.

And these are pure sportsmen, these canoeists; none of your mug-hunting, rule-evading variety we all know too well. No occasion here for elaborate definitions of what constitutes an amateur. Every man is a sportsman, and a sportsman requires no legislation to prompt him on such questions, any more than does an honest man need an officer of the law at his heels to keep him from stealing. As a matter of fact, the honest man is the same whether posting accounts in a banking-house, paddling a canoe, riding a bicycle, or playing football; the athlete who is dishonest in his sport only lacks the opportunity, or fears the consequences, to be likewise in his business. The bicyclist who evades the amateur law, makes false affidavits that he may continue to hoodwink the League of American Wheelmen officials, and cheat the public, would tamper with his employer's accounts with equal complacency were the occasion offering.

The only legislation touching an amateur in the American Canoe Association official book is where it provides that "any member who is guilty of ungentlemanly conduct, or of racing for money, shall be liable and may be expelled from the A. C. A.," and it is enough.

I had come near saying that canoeing is the only competitive sport absolutely pure, but while I will not go so far, I will certainly assert that it is the farthest removed from any unwholesome tendencies. Every man pays his own expenses, and the trophies are flags presented by different members of the Association, sometimes provided for by subscription among the more enthusiastic, and not infrequently the wives and sisters of the canoeists make and present them to the A.C.A. There is only one cup, and that was presented to the Association in 1886 by certain members to be a perpetual sailing trophy. It is practically the sailing championship of America, though canoeists do not call it so; but it is the most coveted prize, because it brings out the best racers, and the winner is usually the smartest sailor of the lot. Robert W. Gibson won it first in '86, and again in '87. Morton V. Brokaw got it by default in '88, and in '89, '90, '91, Ford Jones, the Canadian, secured it. Last year Paul Butler, who is a learned canoeist and a very clever sailor, thought by many the cleverest, won the trophy, and again this year, in fast time and heavy weather.

But these men are not attracted to the annual meet by the prizes; it is the sport and the good-fellowship that bring them together, and give them two weeks adrift from the hurly-burly of the daily struggle for existence in the city.

The American Canoe Association is not very aged; indeed, canoeing itself in this country, *i. e.*, the modern decked affair, is not over twenty-five years old. Of course the open Indian canoe is identical with the history of the red men, according to Mr. W. H. Stephens, who is the librarian-custodian of the A. C. A., and one of the earliest canoeists as well as a skilful designer. The first stir came in '68, when several canoes were built here and a few imported. In '71 the New York Canoe Club organized with a membership of 20, and they were the first to institute annual cruises; but the fever spread, though clubs did not multiply, while the number of individual enthusiasts did. In 1880, August 3d, almost entirely through the efforts of Mr. N. H. Bishop, an adherent of small craft, the Association was organized with but 13 canoeists present. The bad luck which is popularly attached to this number has never been the A. C. A.'s, for it has steadily grown from that day to this. It was not long before divisions became necessary, until now there are four, located with reference to the leading water-courses rather than to political boundaries. The Association has now nearly 1300 members, divided among 115 clubs. Atlantic division, 30 clubs and 329 members; Central, 30 clubs and 308 members; Eastern, 31 clubs and 389 members; Northern (this division includes all Canada), 24 clubs and 167 members; and 81 associate members, these being largely women. The first three Meets, in '80, '81, and '82, were held on Lake George, at Crosbyside Park and Lorna Island; in '83 at Stony Lake, Ontario; '84, '85, and '86, Grindstone Island, of the Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River; '87, Bow-arrow Point, Lake Champlain; '88, Long Island, Lake George; '89, Stave Island, of Thousand Islands; '90, Jessup's Neck, Peconic Bay, Long Island; '91 and '92, Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain; and in '93 at Brophy's Point, Wolf Island, of Thousand Islands.

These annual Meets are held usually the second and third weeks in August, and on especial occasions they are extended to three weeks, when the sport is particularly good, as it was in the '91 Meet at Willsborough Point, Lake Champlain.

The first week of the Meet is generally pretty well occupied in getting settled. Canoe men and women arrive every day, some with no end of decorations of one kind and another for their tents, some with entire camping outfit, including all the cooking paraphernalia, but all with blankets and abundant good-humor.

As an old camper, both with and without a tent (chiefly without), it afforded me much pleasure, and here and there a bit of amusement, to stroll through Brophy's Point last week and note the individual camps. There is no place where necessity so nearly becomes the mother of invention as in camp; and had I the gift of my friend Frederic Remington, some very interesting sketches might be produced here from the experience that is apt to leave us wiser though not necessarily sadder, as the old saw goes. I never found anything very sad in such experience; to be sure, there was a great deal of country out-of-doors, and on occasions it was a long time from one meal to another, when the elements or Indians or "rustlers," together or singly, kept you too busy to attend to the mere incidentals of eating; but at least your food was unadulterated, the roof over your head limited only by the horizon, and all your enemies undisguised.

There were enough different ways of living at Brophy's Point this year to suit all kinds of campers. There was a general mess, which those who did not care to handle the skillet over their own camp-fire might join at the reasonable figure of one dollar per day; there were several club messes, where half a dozen or so members joined in hiring a caterer; and there were half a dozen groups that "batched" together, which means, if my readers do not understand that relic of Western camping slang, that two or three pooled their purses in purchasing eatables, and took their turns at being chief cook and bottle-washer. There was even a wooden house on the island, where those of the gentle sex who did not care for tent life could find shelter; but I am pleased to record that although the percentage of women in camp was larger than usual, the wooden house found no tenants.

The old-time camper is becoming the exception each year more and more; the days of only a year or two back when no inconsiderable portion of the two weeks sport was furnished by the novice and the frying-pan are waning so rapidly that probably in another year or two he will have become an extinct species. And more's the pity of it, for herein, as much as in the canoeing itself, was to be found a relaxation that toned us up wonderfully, and gave the spice of novelty to the usual daily routine to which we returned after it was all over. Moreover, it is to be hoped man will never cease to be a useful animal about camp, which distinction it looks now as if he was in a fair way of attaining if this his novitiate in the best of schools is deprived him. I know of no place so well calculated to test a man's handiness—and his disposition—as in a camp; really it is an excellent drill of his ability to cope with the smaller, but none the less annoying, emergencies of life. It would be too bad for the old camper to become only a memory at the annual meet of the Association, and yet the pace at which we live is fast making him so. We cannot take our ease, even in our few stolen outings, as formerly—even only ten years ago; business, that insatiable fiend, makes new demands on our time with each year added to our existence; we rush from our desk to the train with barely time to gather a few changes of linen, to say nothing of taking a camping outfit.

Thus the daily and yearly press of business narrows our limits of recreation; we hurry from the office, and at the end of the few days hurry back again, to find an accumulation of work which makes us regret having gone at all. And is the game worth the candle? Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die—slightly misquoted; but wise is the man in his own generation who has the disposition to follow the spirit if not the letter of the original.

And yet it seemed to me well worth while last week to stretch out on the grassy bank of Brophy's Point for a few hours watching those clever canoe sailor-men handle their speeding craft, while other clever canoeists surrounding me tried their skill with another kind of craft on shore, which, if not so cranky, is said to be more dangerous. Some hardy mariners, indeed, for whose temerity I trembled, put their watermanship and gallantry to the severer test of a "quiet paddle" along the river-banks. Now a "quiet paddle," be it understood by landsmen, is the canoe vernacular for a nice little chat with her whose conversation interests you most, and I have yet in my travels to discover a more effectual preclusion to possible interruption. You are literally on the top wave, and if the suit be not successful, it certainly is not for want of auspicious surroundings; under no conditions is Cupid more artful than in a dancing canoe, silently guided by the wooer's cunning paddle. Neither is the fair passenger *hors de combat;* in fact, she is no passenger at all, she is one of the crew of two, and from her vantage in the stern of the canoe goes where she will.

The mingling of the sexes is one of the happiest features of the Meet, and the fair sex are so important an element, that I doubt if the present success would attend the annual camp were they to withdraw their presence. "Squaw Point," as the women's quarters are called, is always located at the extreme end of the grounds from the men's quarters, and invariably the more attractively decorated. Nor is the gentle influence of the women confined to "Squaw Point"—it is noticeable from end to end of the encampment; they constitute the one bit of color that lightens the otherwise dull masculine landscape, and refines wherever it touches.

Probably the evenings are the most enjoyable of the Meet, for then it is that the camp is "at home" to the Association members. Perhaps an invitation has been posted on the official bulletin-board, which is, by-the-way, the camp's open slate, extending the hospitality of some club's quarters, or those of some canoeist and his wife, to the members of the A.C.A., and thither they all go to spend the evening in song, music, or recitation; or perhaps there is to be a camp-fire on the common meeting-ground in front of the Commodore's quarters; every man and woman brings a stick, and the whole unite in a roaring blaze of good cheer that crackles in rivalry to the jollity of the laughing, chatting circle of canoeists round about it. Perhaps, again, there is no common entertainment, and the members make social pilgrimages here and there until weary muscles send them to early dreams and a well-rested to-morrow. Thus the days come and go all too fast, until the bugler sounds colors for the last time for a year.

The sensation of the racing week was the repeated winnings of Charles E. Archibald, of Montreal, Canada; he won several events, the most important being the unlimited sailing race. He is a very clever sailor. Of the cracks, there were in camp Paul Butler, D. S. Goddard, Howard Gray, F. C. Moore, W. W. Howard, George P. Douglass, and Charles E. Archibald; but the observed of all observers were the famous canoes *Wasp, Bee, V, Cricket, Mab*—which are to canoeing what *Gloriana, Wasp, Vigilant, Constellation* are to yachting.

AMATEVR · SPORT

THE SECOND RACE FOR THE ASTOR CUPS may be said to have finally disposed of at least one of the 85-footers built this year to defend the *America's* Cup against British invasion. The only two of the four to start were *Vigilant* and *Pilgrim; Jubilee* and *Colonia* had both left the Newport harbor, the former for Boston, the latter for Bristol, to be hauled out and have her new hollow boom slung. Much interest attached to what the *Pilgrim* would do in this race, since in each of the others accident prevented her finishing. There has been, due unquestionably to the friendly feeling for her designers, a general disposition among yachtsmen, which this department has heartily seconded, to give the *Pilgrim* the benefit of every reasonable doubt on her first unsatisfactory performances. But after her showing against *Vigilant* on Tuesday of last week, in this second Astor race there seems not even the smallest peg on which to hang a hope of her yet proving a worthy rival of the other three. Notwithstanding the weather was to her liking, she began to fall behind from almost the very start. At no time in the race of thirty miles did she, so far as appreciable to the eye, hold her own, while her inferior windward work, as compared with that of *Vigilant*, created nearly as much astonishment as her bad turn around the Vineyard Sound light-ship in the first Astor race.

WINDWARD WORK AND QUICKNESS in going about were supposed to be, before she shattered the illusion, *Pilgrim's* strong points, and that she should disappoint in both furnishes an excellent text for argument among designers. The layman sees what he sees, and cannot just fully comprehend why this boat, built quite on the lines of some of the most successful 21-footers of last year, should turn out so differently from the model. *Pilgrim's* lines are beautiful; much the most attractive of all the 85-footers; but handsome is, so the saying goes, as handsome does, and the Stewart & Binney boat loses her beauty gauged from that practical point of view. However, it would make an interesting debate were the designers to ventilate their views on the subject. Had *Pilgrim* made even a good second there would be nothing to create special wonderment, but since she is in theory the embodiment of speed, and in practice has turned out the reverse, we must continue to wonder until some further experimenting enlightens us at what point theory and practice part company in reaching the desired result. Is her fin too deep and her sail spread too small? *Jubilee* has a fin somewhat after that of *Pilgrim*, though not so deep by nearly half, and a larger sail spread, and she is a success. There is time between now and the trial races for Stewart & Binney to join General Paine in his proclaimed thinking bee, but it is doubtful if they will be able to effect the radical changes which the *Pilgrim* seems to require before she can make a race with *Vigilant, Jubilee,* or *Colonia.*

THE SECOND ASTOR CUP RACE, and these cups, by-the-way are for sloops only, resolved itself into a procession before half the ten miles of the first leg had been sailed. The two boats crossed the line on opposite tacks, and were at no time near together, *Pilgrim* holding inshore while *Vigilant* stood off. It was not a difficult matter, however, to note that the Morgan-Iselin boat was not only out-footing but out-pointing her rival. The first leg of the thirty miles was to windward, and the *Vigilant* continued steadily gaining until she rounded the mark two miles ahead of *Pilgrim.* The Stewart & Binney boat was sailed to better advantage on the second leg; she steered a straight course and her sails filled well, but it was all to no purpose, for the *Vigilant* kept on gaining, and had increased her lead a little over four minutes and a half when she turned the second mark. On the run home the wind freshened a bit, and the *Vigilant* picked up and ran away entirely from the *Pilgrim*, finally crossing the line a winner by twenty-four minutes and a half, thus giving her the two handsome cups for which so much unsatisfactory sailing had been done.

The bad luck which attended the New York Yacht Club cruise and the cup races extended even to the Corinthian Club, of New York, Sweepstakes, which usually has all that can be desired in the way of a breeze and entries. After a couple of attempts, the storm that prevailed the first of last week finally necessitated the postponement of the race indefinitely; it will probably not be sailed now until after the trial races for the cup-defenders, which begin September 5th, or it may be brought off in conjunction with them.

The *Valkyrie* is on her way to the United States, and we shall soon have an opportunity of looking on the best and latest production of British yacht designing. *Navahoe* has not improved on her performances, and Americans are anxiously awaiting Captain Crocker's appearance at her wheel before deciding whether her best form has not been revealed, or whether she is the inferior boat her sailing has stamped her.

THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION'S Meet, held this year at Brophy's Point, Wolf Island, one of the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, showed a marked falling off in the number of entries in the races. The Northern division, which this year had the Meet in charge, did everything to make it a success, and succeeded in reaching a standard in point of camp accommodations that will be difficult to maintain unless the camp is continued at Brophy's Point, and there seems to be no good reason why it should not be. Heretofore it has been the policy of the Association to change its camp site at the pleasure of the division in charge each year, but it is a question if such a course is the wisest. The repeated change of location has worked no particular benefit to any one, and it has left the Association without an anchor to windward. Having now, therefore, in its dozen years of existence, tried all the available camping sites, and found none more accessible and certainly none half so attractive as Brophy's Point, it seems it would be a wise move to settle on that as the permanent meeting-ground, at least for the time being. It is but a single night's journey on a line which maintains through fast-train service, and it has furthermore the additional advantage of being close to canoeing headquarters in Canada, from which we draw many enthusiastic campers, if not racers.

IT IS RATHER CURIOUS THAT CANADA, where the canoe has been in use for hunting, racing, and pleasure long enough to become almost a national institution, should furnish so few racers at the annual Meet of the Association. It has turned out, comparatively speaking, very few racing men who could hold their own with any one of a half-dozen of our smartest sailors. Occasionally an exceptionally good one comes to the front, such as Ford Jones, who for three years was very successful; the Mackendricks, H. F. and W. G., whose names are among the record winners in the '80's and in '90; and this year in Charles E. Archibald, who made the best showing of any one man at the present Meet. He won the unlimited sailing event, the paddling race, was second in the tandem, and in the cruising race sailed in a full leg ahead of the next man, but was not awarded the race on account of some technicality.

IT IS TO BE HOPED HIS SUCCESS may tempt him to challenge for the International Cup, which will have no foreign competitor this year unless he comes to New York to try for it. Ford Jones made several attempts, but each year he had to sail against canoes that were the highest development of their day, and much faster than the comparative old-timer used by the Canadian. Mr. Archibald's *Mab* seems up to date. Paul Butler won the sailing Trophy race in the roughest waters it was ever won on, and proved again that he is probably the smartest all-round canoe-sailor in this country, which is equal to saying in the world, as the English are much below us. Howard Gray was only fifteen seconds behind, and the rest all capsized. W. W. Howard had rather an unfortunate week of it, what with capsizing, damaging his canoe, and finally injuring his foot. D. S. Goddard and F. C. Moore were little better off in the capsizing.

The absence of the war canoes and their paddling races were a loss to the meet that was universally regretted.

THE NATIONAL LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT, which began last week at Newport, and is being finished while we are on the press, emphasizes by the slight but appreciable improvement of general play in the preliminary and first rounds the desirability of encouraging sectional tournaments and provincial players. The fact that there were only a half-dozen more entries this year than last is neither here nor there, since it is a matter of slight importance. Just at this stage of the game's progress we have all the quantity we want; it is quality we wish now. The game is not yet half developed in this country, despite the length of time we have been playing it, and we must look sharp, or it may get into a condition similar to polo, where the few star players receive all the attention, and the second-rate men have little or no encouragement. Associations appear to ignore the fact that the stars are not fixed ones, and sooner or later drop out, to be replaced by one of the neglected second-raters, whose inferior form lowers the standard by just that much. It stands to reason that all the tennis players in the country of even fairly good form cannot come to Newport; but there is no reason why they should not all be encouraged to play at home, and send on to Newport each year the best of the lot. There is no reason why a man who has won the United States championship for three consecutive years should be easily defeated by Englishmen not at the very top of the lawn-tennis ladder! And yet Mr. Campbell's experience abroad last year was just that, and he is a cool, heady player.

THERE IS MUCH AT FAULT with the present order of things, shown very clearly by the fact that there are about a dozen leading players, and that the rest in this great country are literally nowhere. The discrepancy is too great, and it is one of several reasons why our standard of play is lower than the English. We cannot bring about any decided change in this respect in a season or two, but we can begin work in the proper direction, and the sooner the better for the prosperity of the game. Associations have a way all their own of pre-empting national jurisdiction without assuming, or at least without appreciating, the responsibilities of the title. If an organization sets itself up as the national sponsor of any sport, it must likewise work for the best national development of that sport, else it becomes a mere pretender. It is easy enough to pose as a dictator; it is quite another matter to be a wise ruler. In the case of the National Lawn-Tennis Association the course seems a plain one. Let it be said, first of all, that the Association has already done much for the game, but there remains a great deal for it yet to do if it would fulfil the responsibility it has assumed.

It is not enough to hold its two championships annually and simply throw open the entry lists to the country. It must encourage and assist in the maintenance of sectional championships, not mere State affairs, where the provincial players may have an opportunity of meeting in a tournament that is a recognized fixture of the N.L.T.A., and where some provision is made to send the winner to the national tournament at Newport. There are dozens of tennis clubs throughout the country that would gladly send a representative to Newport were they encouraged to do so by the Association. In this connection the Rochester Club deserves recognition for sending the winner of its tournament, F. K. Ward, to the national. He will return an improved player, and next year either he or a still better representative will be the result. If every section in the country were likewise represented the progress of the next five years would much surpass that of the past five.

THE TWO MATCHES OF THE FIRST ROUNDS that were noteworthy were Hovey-Shaw and E. L. Hall-Sands contests, and they were chiefly so because of the good showing of the veteran Shaw against his much more skilful opponent, and the glimpses of Hall's play that gave hope of his attaining something of his old form before the tournament ends. Shaw is not in the same class with Hovey, as the first set showed, but in the second and third Hovey grew careless, and Shaw played some very good tennis, until once or twice it looked as if it would take four sets to settle the match, but Hovey finally won—6–0, 7–5, 7–5. After defeating the veteran J. S. Clark, 6–4, 6–2, 4–6, 6–3, Sands, who used to be among the leaders, was thought to have a chance with E. L. Hall out of form. Hall, however, braced at critical moments, and though missing some easy shots, finally won after a hard struggle—10–8, 3–6, 6–0, 4–6, 6–3. Of the other minor matches, Richard Stevens beat the Chicago player, McCormick, after a harder match than it was thought the latter could put up—6–4, 3–6, 6–4, 7–5—and Budlong easily won from Bryan—7–5, 6–2, 6–0—who, it will be remembered, beat E. L. Hall at Bar Harbor. Such is the uncertainty of tennis!

THE MATCH OF THE FIRST ROUND to attract spectators, however, was that between Larned and Chace. At the Narragansett tournament Chace beat Larned, and his chances were considered good at Newport if Larned was a bit off in form, as he is apt to be. Chace began the first set, playing strongly, and lost no time in winning—6–2—completely outpointing Larned; but after one rally in the second set he weakened perceptibly, and was never afterwards in the game, Larned playing all around him, and passing him at the net whenever he wished, or sending him to the back-line by good lobbing. Chace was a very tired boy before the second set was over. Probably he will profit by his experience of this week, and next year not play hard practice games between his matches. Most players get all the practice they need in working their way through the tournament, and Chace particularly is of the disposition to need rest rather than work. He was clearly not at his best in his match against Larned, but even had he been, the chances are he could not have won.

Knapp's hard luck is proverbial; not in any year would he have stood so good a chance of reaching the final rounds as this one. The drawings could not have been better for him had they been to order. He would have had one or the other of the Halls, neither of them up to his form, and if a winner, as he very likely would have been, he would have gone to the semi-final round to meet the winner of the Hobart-Hovey match. He is detained at home by sickness in his family, and defaulted in the preliminary.

THE BEST MATCH OF THIS ROUND was between R. D. Wrenn and Marion Wright, and it proved an exciting one, from the fact that Wrenn was not at his best, while Wright fairly bloomed again. The first set was rather slow, Wrenn playing around his opponent and winning easily, but in the second Wright began passing Wrenn at the net and placing his strokes in a way that came near winning him the set. He kept at it for the next two sets, and won both, Wrenn the while making desperate attempts to gain the lead, and in his anxiety knocking balls into the net and out of court, while the steadier and more old-fashioned game of Wright kept winning him points. In the fifth set Wrenn probably realized his last chance to stay in the tournament had arrived, and he braced up and did much better work, finally winning, though he had a struggle for it—6–2, 11–9, 4–6, 3–6, 6–4.

Stevens had an easy time with Charles Tete, Jun., winning without an effort in straight sets, 6–2, 6–0, 6–1, while S. T. Chase won with little more difficulty from Deane Miller, 6–3, 6–4, 6–3. They made rather an interesting match to watch for a few moments, both playing more the old-time game. Chase keeps up his form with astonishing facility, and is an example that the other veterans ought to follow. It is too bad our players drop out of the game so soon. Sitting about the courts at Newport this week are Sears, Slocum, and there are Beeckman, Taylor, Huntington, and Campbell, all young men, and yet out of the game. In English tournaments one sees much older men playing, but it is a fact, however, that business does not absorb so much of their time as is the case with us.

A TAME MATCH BETWEEN HOVEY AND E. L. HALL showed that whatever hope the latter gave in his game against Sands, for a return to form, had fled in the night. Two or three times during the match he made a brilliant return, and an occasional rally seemed to have awakened something of the old fire, but it quickly burned out, and Hovey had a very easy time of it, winning in straight sets,

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6–3, 6–2, 6–1. Hall began the first set auspiciously, taking three games to Hovey's one, and he managed to make the play fairly even at the beginning of each set, but after that he was useless, and Hovey passed him at the net repeatedly, and placed balls on the side lines wherever he wished.

While there was never any doubt as to the outcome, the Hobart-Budlong match furnished some interesting play, chiefly in the well-used strokes of Budlong. Hobart played listlessly, and put more balls into the net and out of the court than one would care to see in a player of his rank. Budlong, in a year or two's experience, is going to be a player who must be taken into consideration in the Newport outlook. He has very good strokes, and uses them to the best advantage. He is inexperienced now, as his play against Hobart showed, but there is a future for him. Hobart won in straight sets, 6–3, 6–1, 6–2.

Larned met an entirely new man to the Newport courts in F. K. Ward, and though he defeated him handily, 6–2, 6–2, 6–3, Ward showed some excellent strokes, and proved that the provincial players are learning the game fast, and are in need of encouragement more than anything else. He is a member of the Rochester Club, and won their recent tournament; they sent him down as their representative, and in so doing showed the first fruits of even the slight encouragement the National Lawn-Tennis Association has accorded country clubs.

V. G. Hall had an indifferent opponent in F. Whitall, whom he readily defeated, 6–2, 6–3, 6–2, and showed some pretty tennis in doing so. V. G. Hall, when in any kind of form, is a consistent player.

THE FOURTH ROUND ON SATURDAY brought together Wrenn and Stevens, Chase and Candler, Hovey and V. G. Hall, Hobart and Larned, and of these the latter furnished the most interesting match. Hobart started off in the first set at a pace Larned could not solve, and had it won before the latter appeared to get warmed up to his work. The first and second games of the second set Larned won on his opponent's returns out of court, but Hobart got earnestly at work, and earned four straight games, bringing the score up to 4–2 in his favor. Larned's swift returns and pretty placing down the lines gave him the next two games, but here he remained, although making a good fight, Hobart taking the next two games and the set. Larned went into the third set at a great rate, while Hobart was not at his best, and with his favorite cross-court drive played all around his opponent, whom he allowed but three games.

THE MOST EXCITING SET of the tournament was the fourth of this match, and it was close from the first to the last stroke. Larned kept up his pace of the previous set, but Hobart was playing stronger, and made the result doubtful up to the very winning point. The first game went to Larned, the next two Hobart got by heady play, and then Larned had one of his brilliant streaks, and made the score 3–2 in his favor. Hobart was in great form in the next game, which he won, but simply gave the following one to Larned on bad returns, though he redeemed himself in winning two straight by great work, and bringing the score 5–4 in his favor. With the score 5–4 against him, Larned began a series of brilliant strokes that have not been surpassed at Newport this year, and though Hobart was playing strongly, making some beautiful returns of very hot service, Larned won three straight games and the set. At the pace Larned was playing, the deciding set and match looked more his way than Hobart's at this time, but the latter put on a spurt that won him point after point, while Larned gave a practical illustration of the erratic side of his tennis form, returning into the net and out of court persistently, and finally giving Hobart the winning point on an out. Hobart showed better form than in any of his previous matches lately, fairly earning his victory on superior all-round work, and proving that in form he should never be defeated by Larned in a five-set match. Score—6–3, 6–4, 3–6, 5–7, 6–2.

THE WRENN-STEVENS MATCH furnished a mild surprise in the ease with which the former won—6–1, 6–2, 2–6, 6–2. It may be said to be, in fact up to this writing (Saturday,) the only surprise of the tournament, and it will probably retain that distinction, for there are likely to be no surprises in the remaining matches. Wrenn simply walked through Stevens in the first two sets, and gave the first glimpse of his true form we have had at Newport this year. He held his opponent even on the latter's strongest game, back-line play, and when he went to the net he placed all around Stevens, and had him completely at his mercy. Stevens created a sensation once by actually running to the net and, what's more, successfully placing the ball. He has very likely come to the conclusion that he must forsake his present tactics of clinging exclusively to back-court play, and next season we shall not be surprised to see him using the modern combination. Wrenn let up in the third set, and Stevens outpointed him two to one, but he struck his gait again in the fourth, and carried all before him.

HOVEY EASILY WON THE FIRST SET of his match with V. G. Hall; and while he became careless in the second, putting innumerable balls into the net, Hall picked up and played rattling good tennis. In fact he did some very pretty work in both the second and third sets, and played a consistent game throughout. He was not in his last year's form, or, more correctly speaking, condition. Had he been, Hovey would been called on to play five instead of four sets to win. Hall handled Hovey's swift returns very cleverly, and held his own on the rallies, though in the end showing his lack of form by lobbing out of court so frequently: score 6–2, 5–7, 8–6, 6–2.

Candler was no match for Chase, who won more or less easily, 6–2, 6–3, 6–4. Both these men were favored by the drawings, neither having had a formidable opponent.

It was expected Budlong (Harvard) would win the Interscholastic Championship after his showing the last few weeks. Thompson (Princeton) was hardly up to Budlong's strong strokes, and lost in straight sets.

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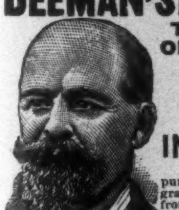

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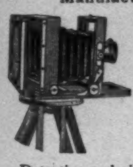

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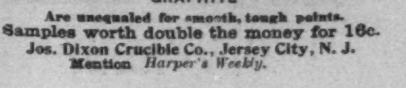

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